

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Musical Visitor* (1840-1842); May 4, 1842; 2, 22; American Periodicals  
pg. 176

### BIOGRAPHY.

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John Sebastian Bach, among the German musical composers of the last century, one of the most famous, and the greatest of this name, so distinguished in musical literature, born in 1685, at Eisenach, died in 1750, at Leipsic. He received his first instruction on the harpsichord at Odruff, from his elder brother, John Christopher. After the death of his brother, he studied music at Luneburg, and made himself familiar with the French style, while in the chapel of the duke at Halle; in 1703, entered into the service of the duke of Weimar; went, in 1704, to Arnstadt, where he made great proficiency; was, in 1707, organist at Muhlhausen; in 1708, organist of the court in Weimar; and, in 1714, master of the concert at the same place; afterwards, in 1717, chapel-master at Cotten; in 1723, chanter and director of music at St. Thomas' school at Leipsic; and, in 1736, composer at the royal and electoral court of Saxony. His life has been written by Forkel. As a player on the harpsichord and organ, Sebastian Bach had no equal among his contemporaries. His compositions breathe an original inspiration, uncontaminated by foreign taste, and are chiefly of the religious kind. They consist of cantatas and mottettos, and many pieces for the organ and the piano. B's family came from Presburg, in Hungary, which Sebastian's father, John Ambrosius, himself a good musician, left on account of reli-

gious difficulties, and settled in Germany. More than 50 musical performers have proceeded from this family. Sebastian himself had 11 sons, all distinguished as musicians. The most renowned were the following: Wilhelm Friedemann, born in 1710, at Weimar, died master of the chapel of Hesse-Darmstadt, at Berlin, in 1784. He was one of the most scientific harmonists, and most skilful organists. Charles Philip Emanuel, born in 1714, at Weimar, died in 1788, at Hamburg. After having studied law at Leipsic, he went to Berlin, as a musician in the Prussian service, and was, finally, director of the orchestra at Hamburg. He has composed mostly for the piano, and has published melodies for Gellert's hymns. His vocal compositions are excellent. His essay on the true manner of playing on the harpsichord is, even now, a classical work in its kind. John Christopher Frederic, born at Weimar, 1733, died in 1795, master of the chapel at Bucksbury, a great organist, is known also by the music he has published. John Christian, born in 1735, at Leipsic, died in London, 1782, was, on account of the graceful and agreeable style in which he wrote, a favorite composer with the public.

## CAFFARELLI.

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pg. 147

**CAFFARELLI.** - It is recorded of Porpora, that during the last five years of the instruction he afforded to Caffarelli, his lessons were all comprised in one single sheet of paper. The sixth year was occupied in pure articulation and pronunciation; and when Caffarelli imagined himself very little beyond the elementary principles of the art, he was dismissed with the words, "You have now nothing more to learn from me; you are the first singer in Italy, if not in the world."

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## CHARACTER OF RUBINI'S SINGING.

FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.

IN England the distinction between the *tenore contraltino*, and the *tenore serio*, or old style of tenor, is frequently overlooked. In the former class we find such singers as Nourrit, David the younger, Duprez, and Rubini: in the latter, Nozzari, Garcia, Donzelli, and our own matchless Braham, at least matchless about a hundred years ago. This distinction, little as it is attended to, is quite as broad as that between the *tenore serio* and the *barytone*. It is now some years since we have had any *tenore serio* of eminence on our establishment; Rubini has been obliged to do the duty, and what wonder if he alters, and often spoils music, in which, to suit his voice, six notes must be changed, where half a dozen can be kept. The music of *Otello*, for instance, written for a *tenore serio*, Nozzari, is as much too low for Rubini as it is too high for Tamburini. The same may be said of *Tancredi*, *Norma*, and half a hundred other operas, in which Rubini is constantly singing. Again, very many of the operas written from twelve to twenty years ago, have little other object in their songs than to give opportunities to the singer for displaying his faculty of vocalization; an object proved by the eternal *corona*, that "*lascia passare*" for musical extravagance, at the end, and often in the middle, of every phrase. In such music as this, Rubini may occasionally set decorum at defiance, by his wonderful execution of impossibilities; but it is not his style, and in so doing he does only what his composer intended to be done, and what every one else has done before him, although no one has done it so well.

Now turn a moment to the operas written for Rubini, and an examination of the music will show, that with him the interpolation of a flourish, (I use the word because every one understands it), is of the rarest possible occurrence. To this I have heard it objected, "Oh, yes, there is no occasion for it; composers know his style, and write very florid music for him." But the fact is directly the reverse. Rubini was first noticed at Milan as a very distinguished singer, from his great facility in executing the difficulties of Rossini's music. Bellini's *Pirata*, the first opera of note written for Rubini, was then composed, and consequently gives more room for the display of flexibility than any opera, worthy of the name, since written for the same singer. And how much of Rubini's part of this opera is sacrificed to mere execution? one duet of no merit, and the winding up of the song "*Ah non fia sempre odiata*," in which occur some passages remarkable only for their difficulty. This may be too much flourish, but it is less than will be found in almost any part written for any other great singer. Italian composers, however, soon found out that Rubini possessed a quality much more worthy of cultivation than mere flexibility, an intense feeling, a heart-felt pathos, never known in any other singer. To give vent to this feeling has been the principal object of the music since written for him by Pacini, Bellini, Donizetti, or Mercadante,—men who are lavish enough of their roulades to all the other singers who can execute them. Look at the music,—I challenge the proof. What is given to flourish in *Anna Bolena*? the very short winding up of "*Vivi tu*," nothing else. In the *Sonnambula*, not one bar, unless we count the duettino in the first act, which is as often left out as sung. The same may be said of the *Puritani*, *Briganti*, &c., and the operas written for this singer by Pacini, which I have not named, as they have not left Italy, where they were composed. Many of these operas may be heard throughout, and the stranger shall have no cause

to suspect that the singer, gifted with the most extraordinary flexibility ever heard, can execute a common scale.

Let me hope that the real lovers of singing in London will not lose this, probably the last, opportunity of doing honor to a singer who for delicacy, intense feeling, and facility of execution, has never been approached. Stello was written for Nozzari, but was excellently sung by Garcia, and Donzelli. Braham would sing "Sorgete," as Tamburini does? I have a becoming dread of the responsibility incurred by a prophecy; but I feel that with Rubini will die the parts which he has created.

possible upon the utility and importance of vocal music as a branch of national education.—Provide teachers of singing and the notation of music, for the humbler class of schools: defraying in certain cases, where the funds are low, the expense of as many lessons as may enable a master, or his assistants, to continue afterwards the same course of instruction without further professional aid.—Endeavor to stimulate improvement in the art of reading music, by offering prizes to be gained by juvenile vocalists who may attain the highest degree of proficiency in singing new music at sight.—And seek to raise the character of vocal music, when not of a religious character, by adapting it to the expression of kindly feelings, generous emotions, and just sentiments. Another object will be to assist in the formation of choral societies, especially of such as can be organized for the practice of music not requiring instrumental accompaniments,—the expense of musical instruments placing them beyond the reach of a large portion of the industrious classes. The society will be governed by a president, a vice-president, and a committee; and be supported by donations and subscriptions of not less than 1*l.* 1*s.* — [*Ibid.*]

## HEALTH OF MUSICIANS.

THE musical profession, in its two departments, vocal and instrumental, is one which, in England at least, is unfavorable to longevity. Its members are subjected to many unhealthy influences, and in particular to great anxiety and care, from the caprice and whims of their hearers. Singers, and persons who play much on wind instruments, are subject to pains in the chest, diseases of the larynx, oedema of the glottis, pulmonary emphysema, and spitting of blood. From the latter class of evils performers on stringed instruments are in a great measure free; and it is no unusual sight to see greyheaded veterans gaily pursuing their harmonious vocation. For instance, Mr. Lindley, the incomparable violoncellist, and Dragonetti, the able performer on the tenor violoncello, [Mr. Curtis, we presume, means the double-bass] are both elderly men; while Mr. Nicholson, the late celebrated flute-player, died a short time ago at a comparatively early age. Vocalists are frequently afflicted by the nervous affection called "globus hystericus," which completely prevents utterance: this affection, like all other nervous ones, may often be avoided by attention to the general health, and by abstaining from excesses of every kind.

The musical profession is often accused of unwillingness to devote their services occasionally to the cause of charity; but this accusation is by no means supported by fact. On several occasions, many of its most distinguished members, both foreign and English, have gratuitously performed for the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, which, indeed, may be thought to have a peculiar claim upon them, inasmuch as the object of its care is the organ whose office it is to convey to the mind the perceptions of harmony. Among these we may mention the inimitable Paganini. — [*Curtis on the Preservation of Health.*]

FRENCH MODESTY.—Throughout all Europe at the present day, it would be perfectly useless, and even a silly pretence, not to acknowledge the celebrity, the incontestible illustriousness, of the three great schools—the French, the German, and the Italian; and to dare to say, that "We stand alone." — *French paper.*

Yes, yes, that's true. "No doubt (as Job would say) ye are the people; and music—and conceit—will die with you." Again:

"The French have just cause to boast of a Mehul, a Berton, (!) as well as a Cherubini and a Spontini, both fairly claimed by the French school, as it claimed the famous Gluck; because all three have written in that noble style, so pure, elevated, and full of that propriety which chiefly characterizes the great school of the French."

The same argument will justify your claiming every buffoon in the universe. — [*Musical World.*]

## VOCAL MUSIC.

A SOCIETY for the encouragement of vocal music among all classes, as a means of softening the manners, refining the taste, and raising the character of the great body of the people, is formed in London; and a provisional committee is sitting to receive the names of subscribers. The objects are to facilitate the introduction of music in schools; to the extent required for teaching its elementary principles; and to promote this, the society will endeavor, by means of tracts, cheap publications, lectures, &c., to diffuse information as widely as

VIENNA.—Great preparations are making for the annual festival of the Musical Society of the Austrian States, to be held on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of November, at Vienna. Eleven hundred performers will attend; the greater proportion gratuitously. — [*London Foreign Quarterly Review, for October, 1841.*]

**VIENNA.** — The musicians of the Austrian capital have experienced a great loss, by the death of Chevalier Ignaz von Seyfried, who expired on 27th August, 1841, in his sixty-fifth year. This celebrated and fertile musician was originally educated for the law; but his passion for music was irresistible, and he became the author of nine successful operas, five oratorios, nearly two hundred other works, and numerous theoretical essays. He enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven, and most of the distinguished musicians of the time. In the evening of the 26th, he sent for two of his friends, Mr. Littermayer, director of the Imperial Singing School, and Mr. Harleyn, the musical publisher, and gave to them a parcel, with a request that it might not be opened until after his decease. This parcel contained the manuscript of a funeral mass, and a note stating that this work, composed in 1835, was to be performed at the funeral of the author. His wishes have been responded to, and his funeral was attended by all the principal musicians in Vienna. — [*London Foreign Quarterly.*]

Original.

B E E T H O V E N . \*

A TALE OF ART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART I.

If, dear reader, you have never been so happy as to travel through the beautiful country of the Rhine, I wish from my heart you may speedily have that pleasure; for truly, he who has not seen that unrivalled land, with its pretty villages and its noble cities, its smiling villas and vineyards, and romantic ruined castles—its lordly Rhine, the father of all—nor heard the cheerful songs of its peasants, laboring in the vineyards, cannot know how dear and lovely is our native Germany!

If you have been there, dear reader, it follows as a matter of course, that you left not unvisited the venerable cathedral. And how solemn and strange the feeling that filled your heart, when entering, for the first time, beneath the shadow of those lofty, twilight arches! An awful stillness prevailed around, and speaking pictures looked forth upon you; then as you advanced, streams of softened light came downward from the arched windows of the gigantic nave! The organ was heard; a low, distant murmur, swelling louder and higher, 'till, rising into powerful harmony, the "Gloria" burst forth! then, overpowered by emotion, rapt in contemplation of the unspeakable greatness of Deity—conscious of the feebleness of man—you could but kneel and adore!

At least, so it was with me—and often so—when a youth. I have listened to that music, heard it from beginning to end, then rushed down from the choir, to throw myself prostrate on the marble pavement, and weep tears of joy! Were not Heaven and earth my own? Did I not see them in their holiest loveliness? Heard I not enraptured, their thousand thousand voices—from the sweet murmuring of the flowers, to the awe-inspiring thunder-peal? Understood I not the mysterious harmony of all I saw and heard?

Alas! those years of enthusiasm are flown; the harmony is broken! The flowers that mark the coming of spring, have no longer a voice for me; the startling thunder, that once spoke of the sunshine and beauty about to succeed the short-lived storm—has no significance; even the tones of that magnificent music fail to lift my soul to the height of devotion, inspiring her to mingle her adoration with the world-wide hymn of praise! My heart is hard and cold; but seldom roused, and relapsing into deadness when the brief excitement is over. I am older even in feeling than in years. I shun the merry company of men; I shudder at their jests—their careless hearts—their jovial faces; for they seem to me like shadows—gibbering forms—that mockingly repeat the tones of life. Enough of myself; how prone are we to run into egotism! Let me rather amuse the reader by some reminiscences of a gifted individual, whose fame is linked with the scenes I have spoken of.

\* From the German of Lyser.

T H E B O Y .

It was a mild October afternoon, in the year 1784. A boat was coming down the Rhine, close to that point where the fair city of Bonn sits on its left shore. The company on board, consisted of old and young persons, of both sexes, returning from an excursion of pleasure.

The sun was sinking in the west, and touched the mountain summits, castle crowned, with gold and purple, as the boat came to the shore not far from the city. The company landed, full of gaiety and mirth, the young people walking on before, while their seniors followed, as happy as they, though more thoughtful, and less noisy. They adjourned to a public garden, close on the river side, to finish the day of social enjoyment by partaking of a collation. Old and young were seated, ere long, around the stone table set under the large trees. The crimson faded in the west; the moon poured her soft light, glimmering through the leafy canopy above them, and was reflected in full beauty in the waters of the Rhine.

The merriment of the guests was at its height; the wine sparkled, and lively toasts were drunk, in which the youngsters joined as gleefully as their elders.

"Your boys are right merry fellows," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman, addressing Herr von Beethoven, a tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel; pointing, at the same time, to his two sons—lads of ten and fourteen years of age. "They will certainly turn out something clever," he continued, laughing, as he watched their pranks; "but tell me, Beethoven, why do you not take Louis with you, when you indulge the children with a party of pleasure?"

"Because," answered the person he addressed, "because Louis is a stubborn, dogged, stupid boy, whose troublesome behavior would only spoil our mirth."

"Ah!" returned the old gentleman, "you are always finding fault with the poor lad, and perhaps impose too hard tasks upon him! I see you are more indulgent to the others. It is no wonder he becomes dull and obstinate; nay, I am only surprized that he has not, ere this, broken loose from your sharp control."

"My dear Simrock," replied Beethoven, laughing, "I have a remedy at hand for such humors—my good Spanish cane, which, you see, is of the toughest! Louis is well acquainted with its excellent properties, and stands in wholesome awe thereof! And trust me, neighbor, I know best what is for the boy's good. He has talent, and must be taught to cultivate it; but he will never go to work properly, unless I drive out some of his capricious notions, and set his head right."

"Ah, Johann!" interposed Madame von Beethoven, "you do not know the boy! He has the best and most docile of dispositions, if you only manage him in the proper way."

"The proper way," repeated the father; "and so I must coax and cajole him, and ask his leave humbly to give him a word of instruction!"

"No, certainly; only grant him the same indulgences you allow to his brothers."

"He is not like Carl and Johann," was the muttered answer; "they ought not to be treated alike."

"Nay, nay, neighbor," said Simrock, earnestly.

"Let us talk no more about it," interrupted Beethoven; "I know well what I am doing; and my reasons are satisfactory to myself. *These* boys are a comfort to me; a couple of fine lads; I need hardly ever speak to them, for they are ready to spring at a glance; they always obey me with alacrity and affection. Louis, on the other hand, has been bearish from his infancy. I have never sought to rule him by fear, but only to drive out a little of his sulkiness now and then; yet nothing avails. When his brothers joke with him, as all boys will sometimes, he usually quits the room murmuring; and it is easy to see he would fain beat them if he were not afraid of me. As to his studies, music is the only thing he will learn—I mean with good will; or, if he consents to apply himself to any thing else, I must first knock it into him that it has something to do with music. *Then* he will go to work, but it is his humor not to do it otherwise! If I give him a commission to execute for me, the most arrant clodpole could not be more stupid about it."

"Let him alone, then, to live for his favorite art," said Herr Simrock. "It is often the case that the true artist is a fool in matters of every day life."

"Those are silly fancies," answered Beethoven, again laughing. "Helen is always talking so. The true artist is as much a man as others, and proves himself so; will thrive like the rest of the world, and take care of his family. I know all about it; money—money's the thing! I mean Louis to do well; and that he may learn to do well, I spare not trouble—nor the rod either, when it is necessary! The boy will live to thank me for my pains."

Here the conversation was interrupted, and the subject was not resumed. The hours flew lightly by; it struck nine, and the festive company separated, to return to their homes.

Carl and Johann were in high glee as they went home; they sprang up the steps before their father, and pulled the door bell. The door was opened, and a boy about twelve years old stood in the entry, with a lamp in his hand. He was short and stout for his age; but a sickly paleness, more strongly marked by the contrast of his thick black hair, was observable on his face. His small grey eyes were quick and restless in their movement, very piercing when he fixed them on any object, but softened by the shade of his long dark lashes; his mouth was delicately formed, and the compression of the lips betrayed both pride and sorrow. It was Louis Beethoven.

"Where are my father and mother?" asked he.

"Hallo, nightcap!" cried Carl, laughing, "is it you? Cannot you open your eyes? They are just behind us!"

Without answering his brother, Louis came to meet his parents, and bade them "good evening."

His mother greeted him affectionately; his father

said, while the boy busied himself fastening the door—

"Well, Louis, I hope you have finished your task?"

"I have, father."

"Very good; to-morrow I will look and see if you have earned your breakfast." So saying, the elder Beethoven went into his chamber; his wife followed him, after bidding her sons good night, Louis, more tenderly than any of them. Carl and Johann withdrew with their brother to their common sleeping apartment, entertaining him with a description of their day of festivity. "Now, Louis," said little Johann, as they finished their account, "if you had not been such a dunce, our father would have taken you along; but he says he thinks that you will be little better than a dunce all the days of your life—and self-willed and stubborn besides."

"Don't talk about that any more!" answered Louis, "but come to bed!"

"Yes, you are always a sleepy head!" cried they both, laughing; but in a few moments after getting into bed, both were asleep, and snoring heartily.

Louis took the lamp from the table, left the apartment softly, and went up-stairs to an attic chamber, where he was wont to retire when he wished to be out of the way of his teasing brothers. He had fitted up the little room for himself as well as his means permitted. A table with three legs, a leathern chair, the bottom partly out, and an old piano, which he had rescued from the possession of rats and mice, made up the furniture; and here, in company with his beloved violin, he was accustomed to pass his happiest hours. He was passionately fond of solitude, and nothing would have better pleased him, than permission to take long walks in the country, where he could hear the murmur of streams and the rustling of foliage, and the surging of the winds on the mountains. But he had not that liberty. His only recreation was to pass a few hours here in his favorite pursuit, indulging his fantasies and reveries, undisturbed by his noisy brothers, or his strict father's reproof.

The boy felt, young as he was, that he was not understood by one of his family, not even excepting his mother. She loved him tenderly, and always took his part when his father found fault with him; but she never knew what was passing in his mind, because he never uttered it. How could he, shy and inexperienced, clothe in words what was burning in his bosom—what was perpetually striving after a language more intense and expressive than human speech? But his genius was not long to be unappreciated.

The next morning a messenger came from the Elector, to Beethoven's house, bringing an order for him to repair immediately to the palace, and fetch with him his son, Louis. The father was surprised; not more so than the boy, whose heart beat with undefined apprehension as they entered the princely mansion. A servant was in waiting, and conducted them without delay, or further announcement, to the presence of the Elector, who was attended by two gentlemen.

The Elector received old Beethoven with great kindness, and said, "We have heard much, recently, of the extraordinary musical talent of your son, Louis. Have



you brought him along with you?" Beethoven replied in the affirmative, stepped back to the door, and bade the boy come in.

"Come nearer, my little lad!" cried the Elector, graciously; "do not be shy. This gentleman here, is our new court organist—Herr Neefe; the other is the famous composer, Herr Yunker, from Cologne. We promised them both they should hear you play something; and think you may venture upon a tune before them. The late Master Von Eden always spoke well of you."

"Yes, he was pleased with me!" murmured the boy, softly. The Prince smiled, and bade him take his seat and begin. He sat down himself in a large easy chair. Louis went to the piano, and without examining the pile of notes that lay awaiting his selection, played a short piece; then a light and graceful melody, which he executed with such ease and spirit—nay, in so admirable a manner, that his distinguished auditors could not forbear expressing their surprise, and even his father was struck. When he left off playing, the Elector arose, came up to him, laid his hand on his head, and said encouragingly—

"Well done, my boy! we are pleased with you! Now, Master Yunker," turning to the gentleman on his right hand, "what say you?"

"Your Highness!" answered the composer, "I will venture to say the lad has had considerable practice with that last air, to execute it so well."

Louis burst into a laugh at this remark; the others looked surprised and grave; his father darted an angry glance at him, and the boy, conscious that he had done something wrong became instantly silent.

The Elector laughed himself at the comical scene. "And pray what are you laughing at, my little fellow?" asked he.

The boy colored and looked down as he replied, "Because Herr Yunker thinks I have learned the air by heart, when it occurred to me but just now while I was playing."

"Then," returned the composer, "if you really improvised that piece, you ought to go through at sight a *Motiv* I will give you presently."

"Let me try," answered Louis.

"If his Gracious Highness will permit me," said the composer.

Permission was granted. Yunker wrote down on paper a difficult *Motiv*, and handed it to the boy. Louis read it over carefully, and immediately began to play it according to the rules of counterpoint. The composer listened attentively—his astonishment increased at every turn in the music; and when at last it was finished, in a manner so spirited as to surpass his expectations, his eyes sparkled, and he looked on the lad with keen interest, as the possessor of a genius rarely to be found.

"If he goes on in this way," said he in a low tone to the Elector, "I can assure your Highness that a very great counterpointist may be made out of him."

Neefe observed with a smile, "I agree with the master; but it seems to me the boy's style inclines rather too much to the gloomy and the melancholy."

"It is well," replied his Highness, smiling, "be it your care that it does not become too much so, Herr von Beethoven," he continued, addressing the father; "we take an interest in your son; and it is our pleasure that he complete the studies commenced under your tuition, under that of Herr Neefe. He may come to live with him after to-day. We will take care that he wants for nothing; and his further advancement, also, shall be cared for. You are willing, Louis, to come and live with this gentleman?"

The boy's eyes were fixed on the ground; he raised them, and glanced first at Neefe and then at his father. The offer was a tempting one; he would fare better and have more liberty in his new abode. But there was his *father!* whom he had always loved, who, spite of his severity, had doubtless loved him, and now stood looking upon him earnestly and sadly. He hesitated no longer, but seizing Beethoven's hand and pressing it to his heart, he cried, "No! no! I cannot leave my father."

"You are a good and dutiful lad," said his Highness. "Well, I will not ask you to leave your father, who must be very fond of you. You shall live with him and come and take your lessons of Herr Neefe; that is our will. Adieu! Herr von Beethoven."

From this time Louis lived a new life. His father treated him no longer with harshness, and even reproved his brothers when they tried to tease him. Carl and Johann grew shy of him, however, when they saw what a favorite he had become. Louis found himself no longer restrained, but came and went as he pleased; he took frequent excursions in the country, which he enjoyed with more than youthful pleasure, when the lessons were over.

His worthy master was astonished at the rapid progress of his pupil in his beloved art. "But, Louis," said he, one day, "if you would become a great musician, you must not neglect every thing besides music. You must acquire foreign languages, particularly Latin, Italian, and French. These are all necessary, that you may know what learned men have said and written upon the art. You must not fancy all this knowledge is to come to you of itself; you must be diligent and devote yourself to study, and be sure of being well repaid in the end. For without such cultivation you can never excel in music; nay, even genius, left to itself, is but little better than blind impulse. Would you leave your name to posterity as a true artist, make your own all that bears relation to your art."

Louis promised, and kept his word. In the midst of his playing he would leave off, however much it cost him, if the hour struck for his lessons in the languages. So closely he applied himself, that in a year's time he was tolerably well acquainted, not only with Latin, French, and Italian, but also with the English. His father marvelled at his progress not a little; for years he had labored in vain, with starvation and blows, to make the boy learn the first principles of those languages. He had never, indeed, taken the trouble to explain to him their use in the acquisition of the science of music.

In 1765 appeared Louis's first sonatas. They dis-

played uncommon talent, and gave promise that the youthful artist would in future accomplish something great, though scarcely yet could be found in them a trace of that gigantic genius, whose death forty years afterward filled all Europe with sorrow.

The best understanding was now established between father and son; and the lad's natural generosity and warmth of heart being unchecked by undue severity, his kindly feelings overflowed upon all around him. This disposition to love his friends, and to enjoy life, remained with the artist to the end of his days. The benevolent master Simrock was much pleased at his good fortune, and withal somewhat surprized, for spite of his compassionate espousal of the boy's cause, he looked upon Louis rather as a dull fellow. Now his opinion was quite changed; and to show his good will he sent him several presents, and insisted on his coming frequently to his lodgings, to drink a glass of Rhonish in company with his old friend.

"We were both mistaken in the lad," he would say to old Beethoven; "he abounds in wit and odd fancies, but I do not altogether like his mixing up in his music all sorts of strange conceits; the best way, to my notion, is a plain one. Let him follow the great Mozart, step by step; after all, he is the only one, and there is none to come up to him—none!" And Louis's father, who also idolized Mozart, always agreed with his neighbor in his judgment, and echoed—"None!"

Thus the summer flew by; the foliage grew yellow and began to fall. Our young hero delighted—as what poetical soul does not?—in communion with nature. He wandered often in the woods, and welcomed the autumn breezes that scattered the yellow leaves at his feet. I have always found a pleasant melancholy in my walks at this season, when the slant rays of the sun gleam upon dismantled trees, and the wealth of summer lies on the ground; when the winds sigh through the desolate branches, or the ear is startled by the woodman's stroke, or perhaps the winding of the hunter's horn.

Let none despair of himself to whom heaven has granted the power of enjoying the beauty of Nature! In her maternal bosom is consolation for every woe! He is her favored child; doth he weep over blighted hopes or crushed affections—unreproved his tears flow, and amid silence and solitude, in the calm wood, he hears angel voices that mourn with him, while from the stars far up in heaven comes down a whisper of consolation, "Life is brief, and frail and changeful is the heart of man; but Love is infinite—eternal; thou hast friends that know no change; look above, and hope!" And with the coming sun that wakes to life such myriads of happy creatures, shall new strength and hope visit his soul. But alas for thee! child of sorrow, if thou hearest not that kind healing voice; if night is starless to thine eyes—ere ceases thy heart to break! Could life arise for thee from the dead, thou wouldst still be wretched, wouldst still stand alone and uncared for—kept but by Divine compassion from despair.

Enjoy while thou canst, oh, youthful enthusiast! the

luxury of thy being—the beauty around thee! Think'st thou 'tis but, after all, a lovely dream? No—'tis a fair reality, still more fleeting than a dream! Dreams may return to enchant us; realities that are past, never!

The first lasting sorrow that befel Louis was the loss of his father. Beethoven's health failed at the beginning of winter. Ere long his physician pronounced him beyond hope. By his own request his family were informed that his end was near. Helen and her two sons, Carl and Johann, received the intelligence with loud lamentations; Louis said not a word, but his grief was no less acute.

At night the afflicted family gathered round the bed of the dying. "My Louis!" said Beethoven, faintly. The boy was kneeling by the bed, pale as the sick man himself. He clasped his father's cold hand and pressed it to his lips, but could not speak for tears.

"God's best blessings be upon you, my son!" said his parent. "Promise me that throughout life you will never forsake your brothers; I know they have not loved you as they ought; that is partly my fault; promise me that whatever may happen, you will continue to regard and cherish them."

"I will—I will, dear father!" cried Louis, sobbing. Beethoven pressed his hand in token of satisfaction. The same night he expired. The grief of Louis was unbounded. It was a bitter thing thus to lose a parent just as the ties of nature were strengthened by mutual appreciation and confidence; but it was necessary that he should rouse himself to minister support and comfort to his suffering mother.

The first keenness of his sorrow was blunted by time; and he returned with renewed diligence to his studies. His mother often remonstrated against his pursuit of them with such absorbing eagerness. "You will injure your health, my beloved son," she would say. But he would answer cheerfully, "Be not uneasy, dear mother; the winter will soon be past, and when spring comes I will relax my labors."

Louis was now in his eighteenth year; and the period was memorable in his life. A young kinswoman of his mother, whose parents lived in Cologne, came on a visit to Bonn. Adelaide was a beautiful, sprightly girl. Louis saw her, and it seemed to him that all his previous existence was but a void, and that his real being had but just begun. He was conscious of a thousand new perceptions and thought he had never before felt or seen what was in the world. Nature had now charms for him; he had capacities for joy before undreamed of. As for music, 'till now, it seemed to him the spirit of art had slumbered within him. How magnificent was her awakening! The magic name of Adelaide, her voice, her smile, called his genius into full life, and he felt that he had power to do as he had never done.

First love! Is it not a misnomer? for but *once* can the heart bow to the all-subduing influence? Once cold can it ever be warmed again to that bright luxuriance of life and feeling? And how soon does the tender flower born of *fantasy*, wither in the breath of reality—never to bloom again! Memory of the lost paradise

alone remains ; it is well if there remains not also the saddest fruit of disappointment—a sceptical scorn of all that seems winning and lovely. Happy he whom fate deprives of the object of his love before the sweet delusion is over ! No words can paint his heartfelt anguish at the loss. But one bliss is left him ; the image of the beloved is still robed in its magic charms ; his faith in his ideal is still unshaken. His heart has never proved the bitterest pang.

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For a time our youthful hero was the happiest of the happy, for he yielded his soul to the sway of love, and music was its appropriate language. But Adelaide understood him not ; how should she ? His eyes indeed spoke a passion deeper than words could reveal ; his melodies were of a bolder and higher, yet a tenderer cast ; but it was only in the silence of his own apartment, when he sat playing alone, that these signs of emotion might have been discovered. In her presence he sought not to paint in language his devoted love ; it was enough for him to look upon her, to watch her graceful movements, to listen to her voice. That was inspiration enough, he wished not for more.

The fair sex are not usually pleased with this species of mute homage ; all maidens are not Ceciliæ ; most of them prefer a lover bold enough to venture on an open confession of their power to charm. The fair dream Louis indulged was ere long to be rudely broken. I am not going to give the reader a melancholy love tale ; suffice it to say the boy's passion became known to his brother, Carl, and one evening he chanced to overhear a conversation between him and Adelaide. Carl was telling his cousin of Louis' love for her, and laughing at his simplicity in never dreaming of declaring it. Adelaide laughed heartily at her "unsophisticated lover," as she called him, saying she had never suspected such a thing—that she could not help pitying the poor boy—yet was half inclined to draw him out, it was such a capital joke ! Carl joined in her merriment, and the two concerted a scheme for their own amusement at the expense of poor Louis.

Pale and trembling, while he leaned against the window-seat concealed by the folds of a curtain, Louis listened to this colloquy. As his brother and cousin left the room, he rushed past them to his own apartment, locked himself in, and did not come forth that night. Afterwards he took pains to shun the company of the heartless fair one ; and was always out alone on his walks, or in his own room where he worked every night 'till quite exhausted.

"The lad has found us out," said Carl to his pretty cousin. "What a pity !" answered Adelaide, "I should like to have brought him to reason in my own way, I confess ; such an excellent joke ! It is really a pity !"

*To be continued.*

## **ORIGINAL PAPERS.: EFFECTS OF MUSIC.**

H S

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### **ORIGINAL PAPERS.**

#### **EFFECTS OF MUSIC.**

OF the many influences which prompt human actions both laudatory and deprecatory, none can possibly wield so irresistible a power as the charm of music. It operates upon the senses with that heavenly-like, persuasive, subduing force that resistance is futile, and the most obdurate have at last to yield. It soothes affliction, prompts chivalrous acts, and modifies the fiercest confliotions of passion; moves tender sentiments to yield to love's solicitation, and calms malignant envy into charity; breathes balmy zephyrs, fraught with love's soft spells; its incantations call forth courage to its noblest ends; while savage breasts that know no other king in subjugation, kneel unto its tender guidance; and sayager beasts who roam in pathless glens, to

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its enchantment bend their willing steps, unconscious of the power which they obey, but feel some supernatural prompting they dare not to disdain. Among the other effects of music is its connective power, which binds feelings with incidents, and couples pleasant or disagreeable recollections with its offspring, as we often connect a particular air with some circumstance in so indelible a manner that the one is never recalled unaccompanied by the other. Lovers' pulse beat quick response to a familiar favorite air of their inflamers, and soldiers fire with new ambition when the remembered battle-note is sounded. It governs the intellect, and commands the physical powers as under its influence enamorous tales are woven, and in unison to its cadence the blithesome dance responds: thus all pay homage to its shrine. Devotion calls its aid to glorify and honor holy things; and pleasure courts it as an indispensable auxiliary. To this preface we have to add an experienced proof of this induction. A year or so ago we received and accepted an invitation to while away a week from the turmoil and unceasing bustle of the city, at Oyster Bay, Long Island. An invitation we accepted with a two-fold view, the one an high anticipation of a delightful recreation, coupled with the society of some three or four treasured friends, in whose society pleasure and delight unite their enchantments to wing time's flight in heedless measure, and to view a spot made doubly historical by the inimitable Irving, in his history of New Amsterdam. Here we passed some days in even unanticipated enjoyment with our friend from whom we received the invitation, and a near connection of his, who had lately become an enviable disciple of Hymen, in whose devotion, with such a priestess as his spouse, Cupid himself might be induced to throw off his bachelor's habits, cast away his arrows, and henceforth be content to wield alone the torch.

It was our wonted custom, after paying our devoirs to their bountifully supplied table, to seat ourselves on the piazza and relax from all farther exertion for an hour or two, smoking a solacious Havanna, watching the contending craft cleaving the waves with rivaling force, the strained canvass swelling to wind, and their tutelar spirits bending forward with anxious emulation, striving seemingly to inspire their little vessels with a speed equal to their ambition. One afternoon, while thus seated, contemplating the beautiful bay which spreads itself out in such unequalled beauty, its graceful curve, occasionally broken by an indentation that appears a miniature semblance of itself, and at the time its mirrored surface unagitated from its glazed beauty and peaceful rest, except by the casual dip of a sportive swallow, the island opposite which spreads an umpire arm between the boisterous sound and its peaceful offspring, swelled in picturesque landscape, forming the glassy bay, its bosom fraught with Ceres' choicest gifts, and moled outline like to a mimic mountain, whose base was washed by gentle ripples that laved the pebbly beach, and like some sportive child that, caressing a sleeping parent, with warm kisses press the cheek, then quick recedes, fears to awaken, but returns again; so rolled the puny waves upon the shore, as if affrighted by their venturous roll, fled hastily back into their mother deep. The high banks of yellow sand, which seem as though the water, jealous or disdainful of their impediment, had warred upon the base, and swept them partially under foot, leaving the remainder to commemorate the victory, stretched round a segment, while *vis-à-vis* a gradual slope bows courteous submission, warmed by the fate of its resistful companions. We looked upon the scene, wrapt and musing with our thoughts, experiencing for the time a foretaste of Elysium, with naught to disturb the slumbering silence, or awake the senses to a thought of earth, when suddenly soft music stole upon our ear, a strain of harmony whose melody wafted upon the gentle air, was like to the music-breathing zephyrs of the evening hour, that move among the summer boughs, mollifying their notes by motion of the tuneful leaves. The spell was broken, and roused from the charm, we recognised the voice of our fair hostess, warbling in rich-toned voice the dulcet notes of the "Leaf in the Fountain," commencing "'Tell me, kind seer, I pray thee," and ending with an invocation to the wizard sorcerer to answer, "Whether my love loves me." We sat listening to this sweet song, and sweeter modulation of voice, and fancy portrayed the soft lucid blue eye, turned half coquettish half serious, as though the heart doubted its own ecstatic feeling, a feeling which the songstress must have known when all her fears and fond-formed hopes that wavered upon a man's vacillating passions, had been dissipated by the indissoluble tie of marriage, and she had found reciprocated love in all she cherished dear, yet fain would test its strength, or add a further confirmation. Then when the deep-toned manly voice of him so challenged, in

duetto retorted with like serious playfulness, the picture glows with brightest tints of purest love, confiding, fond, harmonious, unsullied by the cooling lapse of time, undoubting and undoubted, two forms yet but one heart, two minds but then as one in thought, or wish, hope, fear or yet ambition. Such, we meditated, is the blessing of conjugal love, when hearts and hands join with congeniality, and untasted sorrow as yet awaits without the circle of their happiness. Affection in all its immaculate purity, weaves round their lives a misty halo, through which the miseries of the wretched world without are tinged with specious, delusive colorings. For a long time after the voices had ceased we remained in deep reverie, picturing all human blessings uncontaminated by disheartening incidents of life, while the air of the "Leaf in the Fountain" reverberated upon our mind's ear, warming and prompting the imagination.

"So forcible were these pleasing thoughts, and a knowledge of the supreme happiness of the singers, coupled with the air, that even now, when ennui and melancholy depress our mind, overpowering us with the influence, we have but to touch the chords that summon this enchanting melody, and immediately its inspiration calls forth an antidote, and a most soothing sensation is infused, pervading the soul and dissipating dejection. H. S.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SEVEN primitive colors are placed at the disposal of the painter; by the judicious blending of which he breathes into the inanimate canvas the images of his fancy, or those which nature furnishes him, and as it were quickens it into life. In like manner are seven tones allotted to the musician, which being combined, interwoven, and adapted to one another, cause new and unlooked for beauties to sparkle into light. The feelings are moved when the painter touches them, by means of the eye; the works of the musician act upon them through the agency of the ear.

Every beauty, again, must be either natural or the result of art. The simplicity of the humblest floweret of the fields, the crimson glory of the rose, the blue vault of heaven spangled by myriad of stars, are beauties created by the master-hand of nature,—no pencil can come up to the full perfection and gorgeous splendor of that High Mistress. Nature, then, is the ideal of the painter's art,—the most noble, elevated, and beauteous school the whole world affords. The sweet sound of the nightingale's flute-like voice, the woodland choirs of tuneful singing-birds, enchant the ear by their free and unconstrained beauty. Art, however, and the god-like strivings of the artist to attain the summit of excellence, admit in the science of music of the production of effects surpassing those of nature. How touching, how overpowering, are the love-breathing tones of the flute, the swan-like cadenza songs of the violoncello, the plaintive aspirations of the oboe, the spirit-stirring blasts of the trumpet, the captivating roundness of the human voice, and finally the fulness and power of a combined orchestra. The victory of the musical artist over nature herself in the kingdom of sounds is single and complete; whilst in the brilliant realms of color the painter can never be regarded as anything higher than a very humble rival of his great mistress. And this distinction serves to establish, beyond dispute, the claims of music to take precedence of painting in the court of the Arts.

The beautiful in music is, therefore, at once the work of nature and the result of art. We have as yet no satisfactory and decided rule of judgment as to what constitutes the beautiful, notwithstanding the vast learning and ingenuity which have been expended in attempts at defining it. The idea of the beautiful is at one time so vast, and at another so circumscribed, that no definition has yet been found applicable to it in all its phases. We speak of the beauty of nature, the beauty of woman, the beauty of a noble action, of a picture, of a storm, &c., and though all these objects may, with the greatest propriety, be styled beautiful, yet how infinitely diversified are the characteristics of their respective beauties. We have a perfect conception, a fully developed notion, of the beautiful; but we have not words which will declare it. It is a law of the beautiful, that it necessarily impresses us with a sense of its existence; and the power of sound, as of beauty generally, cannot but be felt and acknowledged even by the most untutored peasant—even by the most uncultivated savage.

Among the poets of sound, as the Germans in their richly expressive language are wont to designate the master-spirits of the musical art, the subject of the present memoir takes an exalted position. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born, we believe, at Hamburg, on the 3rd February, 1809, and is a grandson of the celebrated philosopher, whose name he bears. Like Mozart, he displayed his extraordinary musical talents in his earliest childhood. Like Mozart's, his ear was excessively sensitive; and he could not bear without great

pain the sound of loud instruments—as drums, trumpets, &c. For some time during his infancy, his parents resided with him in Paris. His father, a distinguished Berlin merchant, speedily recognized the predilection of the little Felix for musical studies, and at a very early period adopted measures for the judicious cultivation of his peculiar talent. The first instruction in the art, he received from his mother, a lady well grounded in the school of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach. She commenced with lessons of five minutes' duration, gradually lengthening them. The same system she observed with Mr. Mendelssohn's elder sister, a young lady of astonishing acquirement and memory;\* and in both cases with equal success. Here we have another instance of the inestimable value resulting to a young genius from his being blessed with a fine-minded and well-educated mother.

The two children afterwards took lessons from a lady in Paris; an excellent player as well as teacher; but whose name has unfortunately escaped us.

When the family returned to Berlin, Zelter, the successor of Fasch, as director of the Berlin singing academy, became his master in thorough-bass and composition; while he was instructed in pianoforte playing by Ludwig Berger. Zelter's great merit was, that he let his pupil pursue his own course, interfering much less by correction than by friendly advice. He was accustomed to induce his pupil to write symphonies for the quartets of stringed instruments; and the father allowed the children once a fortnight, at their house, a small family concert, consisting of a string quartett band, with an occasional flute. At these little assemblies the young Mendelssohn's last-composed symphony would be performed, together with the pianoforte sonatas and concertos, trios, &c. of the various great masters, from Bach to Hummel. After he had been some time under the instruction of Berger, he was accustomed to take lessons from all the distinguished professors who happened to visit Berlin, such as Hummel, Moscheles, &c.

Before Mendelssohn was eight years old, he was able to execute with playful facility the most difficult passages of works requiring a very skilful performer. The quickness of his ear, his extraordinarily retentive musical memory, and above all his astonishing facility of playing at sight, which surpassed everything of the sort that could be conceived, excited the greatest wonder in his teachers, and inspired them with the hope of seeing a worthy successor of Mozart arise out of their pupil. As instances of his extraordinary readiness we may mention that in his eighth year he was enabled at sight to play from the many-part scores of Bach; to transpose Cramer's Studies, and by the great quickness of his ear to detect fifths and other errors or omissions in the most intricate compositions; as for example, in a motett by Bach, where the inaccuracy had existed for a century, undetected by any preceding musician. The consequence of this was, that he quickly learned by heart all the grander compositions which he was accustomed to play with his masters. He once transposed, and played at sight at the same time, a MS. which Guillou, a flute player, placed before him.

He played publicly for the first time in his ninth year at Berlin, and that too with so much lightness, certainty, and spirit, that it was beyond the power of the most practised critic to detect from the performance that there was only a child of nine years old seated at the pianoforte. After this he accompanied his father on a journey to Paris, where his musical talents excited the admiration of all who witnessed them. While there, he was introduced to Cherubini, for whom he wrote a piece of sacred music. In 1821, Zelter took him

\* Upon one occasion, this young lady prepared a surprise for her father on his birthday, by playing from memory the forty-eight fugues of Sebastian Bach!—a fact, however staggering it may appear.

with him on a visit to the illustrious Goethe, whose affections were warmly bestowed upon the youth, whom he found to be as richly gifted in other respects as he was in music. The correspondence between the poet of Weimar, or rather of all Germany, and the unwearied Director of the Berlin Singing School, abounds in passages expressive of their esteem for the virtues, and their admiration of the talents, of their "dear Felix." While on this visit to Goethe, he was in the habit of displaying his mastery over the most difficult compositions, by performing the fugal works of all the great writers; among which, we may be sure, were the compositions of John Sebastian Bach, or, as the "old man eloquent" was wont to call them, "Sebastianiana."

*(To be concluded.)*

## ON EXTEMPOREANEOUS PERFORMANCE.

### FROM HUMMEL'S PIANOFORTE SCHOOL.

**ALTHOUGH** particular instruction on this point can neither be given nor received, yet we may impart many useful remarks, and detail the result of much experience respecting it.

To extemporize freely, the player must possess, as natural gifts, invention, intellectual acuteness, fiery elevation, and flow of ideas; the power of improving, arranging, developing, and combining the matter invented by himself, as well as that taken from others for this purpose.

As the result of scientific education, such perfect readiness and certainty regarding the laws of harmony, and the most diversified applications of them, that, without even thinking particularly about them, he no longer transgresses the rules; and so great a readiness and certainty in playing, that without effort, and in any key, the hands may execute whatever the mind suggests, and execute it, indeed, almost without any consciousness of the mechanical operations which they perform. What the moment presents to the artiste must be played on the instrument correctly, with certainty, and in a suitable manner; and this must not be felt as a difficulty by the artiste, nor absorb the attention of his mind in a greater degree than it claims the attention of a man who has received a scientific education to write with correctness, precision, and propriety; otherwise he will incur the danger, either of stopping short and losing himself altogether, or of being driven to common-place ideas, and to passages committed to memory.

To elucidate all this, I do not believe that I can do better than point out the way by which I acquired the power of playing extemporaneously. After I had so far made myself master of playing on the instrument; of harmony with all its applications; of the art of modulating correctly and agreeably; of enharmonic transition; of counterpoint, &c., that I was able to reduce them to practice; and that, by a diligent study of the best ancient and modern compositions, I had already acquired taste, invention of melody, ideas, together with the art of arranging, connecting, and combining them; as I was employed throughout the day with giving lessons, and composing in the evening, during the hours of twilight I occupied myself with extemporizing on the pianoforte, sometimes in the free, and at other times in the strict or fugue style, giving myself up entirely to my own feelings and invention.

I arrived particularly at a good connection and succession of ideas; at strictness of rhythm; at variety of character; at changes of coloring; at the avoiding of great diffusiveness, (which easily degenerates into monotony;) I endeavored to ground my fantasia on the flow of my own ideas, as also occasionally to weave among them some known theme or subject, less with a view to vary it, than to elaborate and exhibit it quite freely on the spur of the moment, under various shapes, forms, and applications, either in the strict or free styles.

When by degrees the taste and judgment were correctly formed, and when, after a couple of years' quiet study in my chamber, I had acquired a sort of dexterity and confidence in this matter, and certainty and ease in executing mechanically with the fingers what the mind on the instant had suggested, I ventured to extemporize before a few persons only, — sound connoisseurs, others unacquainted with the science, — and while so doing, observed quietly how they received it, and what effect my fantasia produced on both portions of my little assembled and mixed public.

Lastly, when I had succeeded in attaining such firmness and certainty in all this, as to be able to satisfy both parties equally, I ventured to offer myself before the public; and from that moment, I confess, I have always felt less embarrassment in extemporizing before an audience of two or three thousand persons, than in executing written composition to which I was slavishly tied down.

**TIME, PATIENCE, and INDUSTRY** lead to the desired end.



**LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC.**

**HARMONY:--CONTINUED.**

**SUSPENSIONS IN THE BASS.**

5 6  
2 3

5 6  
4 5  
2 3

Consonant intervals are sometimes employed in a suspension; as the fifth to suspend the sixth in ascending; or the sixth to suspend the fifth in descending.

**EXAMPLE.**

6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6

or

7 6 4 5

Sometimes the bass is changed at the moment the suspension is resolved; this, however, produces no alteration in the progression of the part containing the suspending note.

### EXAMPLE.



When the notes of chords are separated by such wide intervals as those in the above examples, the harmony is said to be *dispersed*.

Original.

BEETHOVEN. \*

A TALE OF ART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART II.

THE YOUTH.

THE first emotions of chagrin and mortification soon passed away in the bosom of young Beethoven, but he did not soon recover his vivacity. His warmest feelings had been cruelly outraged; the spring of love was never again to bloom for him; and it seemed, too, that the fair blossoms of genius also were nipped in the bud. His self-confidence, so necessary to the developement of the artist, was shaken; nay, had nearly deserted him.

The wings of his spirit had unfolded joyously in the sunshine of love; and were spread for a bold flight into the upper regions of Art, where the every-day world could not follow him; as in after life he was entirely indifferent to the applause of the multitude, and never sought it. What he thought and felt he expressed in his enthusiastic inspiration; his best reward was the consciousness of having aimed at the best, and deserved the approbation of true artists.

If, however, the cultivated taste of the present day fails fully to appreciate him, it will not be wondered at that the critics of the time, fettered as they were to the established form, should have been shocked at his departure from their rules. Even Mozart, whose fame stood so high, whose name was pronounced with such enthusiastic admiration, what struggles had he not been forced into with those who would not approve his so called innovations!

The youth of nineteen had struck out a bolder path! What marvel, then, that instead of encouragement, nothing but censures awaited him? His master, Neefe, who was accustomed to boast of him as his pride and joy, now said coldly and bitterly, "his pupil had not fulfilled his cherished expectations; nay, was so taken up with his new fangled conceits, that he feared he was for ever lost to real art.

"Is it so, indeed?" asked Louis of himself in his moments of misgiving and dejection. "Is all a delusion? have I lived 'till now in a false dream? Oh! where is truth on earth? I wish I were dead, since my life is worse than useless!"

Young Beethoven sat in his chamber, leaning his head on his hand, looking gloomily out of the vine-shaded window. There was a knock at the door: *piano—pianissimo; crescendo,—forte,—fortissimo!* Still, wrapped in his deep despondency, he heard it not, nor answered with a "come in."

The door was opened softly a little way, and in the crevice appeared a long and very red nose, and a pair of small, twinkling eyes, overshadowed by coal-black bushy eye-brows. Gradually became visible the whole withered, sallow, comical, yet good-humored face of master Peter Pirad.

Peter Pirad was a famous kettle-drummer, and was much ridiculed on account of his partiality for that instrument, though he also excelled on many others. He always insisted that the kettle-drum was the most melodious, grand, and expressive instrument, and he would play it alone in the orchestra, *partoutement*, as he said. But he was one of the best hearted persons in the world. It was quite impossible to look upon his tall, gaunt, clumsy figure, which, year in and year out, appeared in the well-worn yellow woollen coat, siskin colored breeches, and dark worsted stockings, with his peculiar fashioned felt cap. Without a strong inclination to laugh, yet ludicrous as was his outward man, none remained long unconvinced that spite of his exterior, spite of his numerous excentricities, Peter Pirad was one of the most amiable of men.\*

\* It may be interesting to the readers of the above sketch to know something of this remarkable individual. Peter Pirad was born in Hamburg; his father was a dealer in grain and distiller; his business, though coarse, was lucrative, and Peter, his youngest son, was destined to follow the same. The son had, however, little inclination thereto; his whole heart and mind were bent to the science of music; and his father resolved, when he was but eight years old, to bind him apprentice to a town musician, since he was firmly persuaded that "nothing better could be done with the young rascal."

His master soon discovered Peter was not so dull as seemed at first; and after a course of instruction, when Telemann, a director of music in the city, heard him play on the viol and horn, and beat the kettle-drum, he became so much interested in the boy that he devoted several hours to giving him lessons, in recompense for which kindness Peter assisted whenever Telemann's compositions were performed, playing the kettle-drum in a manner that astonished all who heard him.

When Telemann died, Peter was about twenty-four. He remained a year longer in Hamburg, and prosecuted his higher studies under Philip Emanuel Bach. His father died in 1768; he had buried his mother a year before. He now left Hamburg for the first time in his life, to obtain a knowledge of the world. After some adventures he turned his course to Vienna, thence to Salzburg, where he became acquainted with the court trumpeter, an intimate friend of Mozart's family. Schachtner was master not only of the trumpet, but also of the *viola di gamba*, a now forgotten instrument. Pirad became warmly attached to him; without doubt the excellence of Schachtner stimulated him to higher proficiency as a kettle-drummer, for he ascribed his enthusiasm on that instrument to the impressions received during his stay in Salzburg. From Salzburg he went to Vienna; from Vienna to Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, where he made himself personally acquainted with all the great masters then living. The year 1788 found him at Bonn, where he beat the kettle-drum in the electoral chapel. He always looked upon Bonn as his home, 'till the outbreak of the French Revolution, when he became alarmed, and then there was no rest for the sole of his foot. In the later years of his life he used to speak with great emphasis of a bedstead, painted red, in which he had been often frightened from sleep for the space of half a year, because it reminded him of the guillotine.

In Copenhagen, where he drew breath quietly after his terror, he applied himself to his favorite science. Nunmann's Orpheus so moved him that he was obliged to keep his bed several days. Except Hoffmann, and the excellent violin player, Rolla, in Dresden, I know of no artist on whose physical constitution the hearing of delightful music produced such violent, even pernicious effects, as on that of Peter Pirad.

'Till this time Peter had known little or nothing of love; here he became enamored of his landlady, the widow of a Danish ship lieutenant, a dame of goodly proportions, being about as tall and twice as thick. He married this colossal fair one. His first son, even in his sixteenth year, was taller than his father. If I am not mistaken, he is yet living, a painter, in Riga. In the last years of his life Pirad settled at Hamburg, whence he made frequent and long excursions: At length his journeyings ceased at Flensburg, where, in 1822, he died, peaceful, happy, and full of years. As a performer on the kettle-drum, he has seldom or never been surpassed. He had also the most thorough knowledge of counterpoint; played on many instruments with skill and precision; and was perfect on the organ and double bass. But his kettle-drum was every thing to him. He was incessantly occupied with it. He kept it in as perfect tune as the most devoted violin virtuoso ever kept his instrument. Not an indent was to be seen in it; the parchment was so fine and transparent it looked as though it would burst at every stroke, and yet Pirad would play without injuring it

\* Concluded from page 299.

From his childhood, Louis had been attached to Pirad; in later years they had been much together. Pirad, who had been absent several months from Bonn, and had just returned, was surprised beyond measure to find his favorite so changed. He entered the room, and walking up quietly, touched the youth on the shoulder, saying, in a tone as gentle as he could assume, "Why, Louis! what the mischief has got into your head, that you would not hear me?"

Louis started, turned round, and recognizing his old friend, reached him his hand.

"You see," continued Pirad, "you see I have returned safely and happily from my visit to Vienna. Ah! Louis! Louis! that's a city for you! May I be hanged if 'tis not a noble city! Something new every day; something to please all tastes. Such living! Oh! 'twas admirable! and as for taste in art, you would go mad with the Viennese! As for artists, there is Albrechtsberger, and Haydn, Mozart, and Salieri,—my dear fellow you *must* go to Vienna." With that Pirad threw up his arms as if beating the kettle-drum, (he always did so when excited) and made such comical faces, that his young companion, spite of his sorrow, could not help bursting out a laughing.

"Saker!" cried Pirad, "that is clever; I like to see that you can laugh yet; it is a good sign; and you shall soon give care and trouble to the winds; ay, ay, where old Peter comes, he banishes despondency; and now, Louis, pluck up like a man, and tell me what all this means. Why do I find you in such a bad humor, as if you had a hole in your skin, or the drums were broken? You know me, lad, for a capital kettle-drummer; there is not another such in the land. I warrant you there are plenty of ninnies who fancy they can beat me; but every body who is a judge laughs at them. You know, too, I have always wished you well; so out with it, my brave boy, what is the matter with you?"

"Ah!" replied Beethoven, "much more than I can say; I have lost all hope, all trust in myself. You, perhaps, will not understand me, Pirad; you will censure me if I have been doing wrong; yet you have always been a kind friend to me, and I will tell you all my troubles, for, indeed, I cannot keep them to myself any longer!" So the melancholy youth told all to his attentive auditor: his unhappy passion for his cousin; his master's dissatisfaction with him, and his own sad misgivings.

from the highest pianissimo to the deepest forte. He suffered none else, however, to meddle with it; and I verily believe notwithstanding his characteristic timidity and gentleness, would have murdered any body outright, who should have spoiled his instrument.

It may readily be conceived that his peculiarities caused him many vexations. He lived continually in disputes with his landlord and neighbors; for it was not unusual with him when, in the middle of the night, a new idea came into his head, to spring out of bed and beat his kettle-drum 'till the whole neighborhood was in an uproar.

His language was a mingled mixture of almost all the different German dialects, varied with broken phrases of Italian, French, and Latin. With his wife he murdered Danish, which he understood as imperfectly as she did German; so that each seldom comprehended all that the other meant to say, yet they always agreed.

Many amusing anecdotes might be related of Pirad, but the space allotted to a note is already filled up with this brief account of the leading incidents of his life.

When he had ended, Pirad remained silent awhile, his fore-finger laid on his long nose, in an attitude of thoughtfulness. At length, raising his head, he gave his advice as follows:

"This is a sad story, Louis! but it convinces me of the truth of what I used to say: your late excellent father—I say it with all respect for his memory—and your other friends, never know what was really in you. As for your disappointment in love, that is always a business that brings much trouble and little profit. Women are capricious creatures at best, and no man who has a respect for himself will be a slave to their humors. I was a little touched in that way, myself, when I was something more than your age, but the kettle-drum soon put such nonsense out of my head. My advice is, that you stick to your music, and let her go; my friendship will be a truer accompaniment for you; and I need not assure you, will never fail. For what concerns the court organist, Neefe, I am more vexed; his absurdity is what I did not precisely expect. I will say nothing of Herr Yunker; he forgets music in his zeal for counterpoint; as if he should say, he could not see the wood for the tall trees, or the city for the houses! Have I not heard him assert, ay, with my own living ears, slanderously assert, that the kettle-drum was a superfluous instrument? Only think, Louis, the kettle-drum a superfluous instrument! Donner and—. Did not the great Haydn—bless him for it!—undertake a noble symphony expressly with reference to the kettle-drum? What could you do with "*Dies irae—dies illa*," without the kettle-drum? I played it at Vienna in Don Giovanni, the chapel-master, Mozart himself, directing. In the spirit scene, Louis, where the statue has ended his first speech, and Don Giovanni in consternation speaks to his attendants, while the anxious heart of the appalled sinner is throbbing, the kettle-drum thundering away—" Here Pirad began to sing with tragical gesticulation. "Yes, Louis, I beat the kettle-drum with a witness, while an icy thrill crept through my bones; and for all that, the kettle-drum is a useless instrument! What blockheads there are in the world! To return to your master,—I wonder at his stupidity, and yet I have no cause to wonder. You are perhaps aware that many wise and sensible people take me for a fool and a ridiculous fellow, because I disagree with them on certain subjects; nevertheless, I know much that wise and sensible people do not know. Now my creed is, that Art is a noble inheritance left us by our ancestors, which it is our duty to enlarge and increase by all honest and honorable means. There are those among the heirs who think the capital already large enough; talk of the impossibility of booting it—a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, etc. But such spiritless persons only waste what they know not how to use to advantage. He who has a soul for art will not spare his labor, but consider how he may best do justice to the testator, and render useful the good gift of the Almighty, surely not bestowed for nought! No, my dear boy, I tell you I hold you for an honest heir, who would not waste your substance, who has not only power, but will, to perform his duty. So take courage; be

not cast down at trifles; and take my advice and go to Vienna. *Himmelausend!* whom have you here above yourself? but there you will find your masters: Mozart, Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and others not so well known, but well worthy your emulation. One year, nay, a few months in Vienna will do more for you, than ten years vegetating in this good city. You can soon learn, then, what you are capable of, and what not; only mind what Mozart says, when you are playing in his hearing."

The young man started up, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing with new enthusiasm, and embraced Pirad warmly. "You are right, my good friend!" he cried, "I will go to Vienna; and shame on any one who despises your counsel! Yes, I will go to Vienna."

When he told his mother of his resolution she looked grave, and wept when all was ready for his departure. But Pirad, with a sympathizing distortion of countenance, said to her, "Be not disturbed, my good Madame de Beethoven! Louis shall come back to you much livelier than he is now; and even if he does not, why, the lot of the artist is always to suffer some privation, that he may cling more closely to his science. And, madame, you may comfort yourself with the hope that your son *will* become a great artist!"

Young Beethoven visited Vienna for the first time in the spring of the year, 1792. He experienced strange emotions as he entered that great city; perhaps a dim presentiment of what he was in future years to accomplish and to suffer. He was not so fortunate this time as to find Haydn there; that artist had set out for London but a little before. He was disappointed, but the more anxious to make the acquaintance of Mozart.

Albrechtsberger, Haydn's intimate friend, undertook to introduce him. "But we must not be out of patience, Beethoven," said he, good humoredly, "if we have to go frequently to the master's house without finding him. Schickaneder has got him in his clutches at present—for Mozart has written an opera for his company, there are some new and difficult scenes in the piece which the manager wants to arrange, and he gives our friend the master no rest, with his suggestions and contrivances. It is a shame that Mozart has to work for such a man, but he must live, you know, with his wife and children, and I heard Haydn say his place here has only brought him in eight hundred gilders for the last year."

They went several times, in fact, to Mozart's house before they found him at home. At last, on a rainy day, one that suited not for an excursion with the *Impressario*, they were so fortunate as to find him. They heard him from the street, playing; our young hero's heart beat wildly as they went up the steps, for he looked on that dwelling as the temple of art.

When they were in the hall, they saw through a side door that stood open, Mozart sitting playing the piano; close by him sat a short, fat man, with a shining red face; and at the window Madame Mozart, holding her youngest son, Wolfgang, on her lap, while the eldest was sitting on the floor at her feet.

"Stop, my good sir," cried the fat man, seizing Mozart's hand, "I do not altogether like the last! You must alter it, you must indeed! Look you, this is what

occurs to me: that slow adagio may stand, if you like, the people do not care about listening to it, they lean back in their seats and gaze at the doors swinging; but that allegro, it does not suit—"

"I believe you are a fool outright, besides having no conscience!" interrupted Mozart, rising angrily from the piano. "I have yielded you far too much, but the overture you have nothing to do with; and I wish I may be hanged if I alter a single note in it for you! I would rather take back the whole opera and throw it into the fire!"

"If you will not write popular music," grunted the other, "you cannot expect me to have your pieces represented."

"Very well," said the master, decidedly, "then we owe each other nothing, and I need plague myself no more about it."

"Nay, nay," pursued the fat man, who changed his ground when he saw the composer was really in earnest, "you may leave the overture as it is, it is all the same to me; I only wanted to give you my ideas on the subject."

"I would not give much for your ideas," muttered the master; and he turned to receive his new visitors. His face soon brightened up; he greeted Albrechtsberger cordially, and looked inquiringly on his young companion.

"Herr van Beethoven from Bonn," said Albrechtsberger, presenting his friend; "an excellent composer and skilful musician, who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"You are heartily welcome, both of you, and I shall expect you to remain and dine with me to-day," said Mozart; and taking Louis by the hand he led him to the window where his wife sat. "This is my Constance," he continued; "and these are my boys; this little fellow is but three months old"—and throwing his arm round Constance's neck, he stooped and kissed the smiling infant.

Louis looked with surprise on the great artist! He had fancied him quite different in his exterior; a tall man, of powerful frame, like Handel. He saw a slight, low figure, wrapped in a furred coat, notwithstanding the warmth of the season; his pale face showed the evidences of long continued ill health; his large, bright, speaking eyes alone reminded one of the genius that had created Idomeneus and Don Giovanni.

"So you, too, are a composer?" asked the fat man, coming up to Beethoven; "Look you, sir, I will tell you what to do, lay yourself out for the opera; the opera is the great thing!"

Louis looked at him in surprise and silence.

"Master Emanuel Schickaneder, the famous *Impressario*," said Albrechtsberger, scarcely controlling his disposition to laugh.

"Yes," continued the fat man, assuming an air of importance, "I tell you I know the public, and know how to get the weak side of it; if Mozart would only be led by me he could do well! I say, if you will compose me something,—(I have written half-a-dozen operas myself)—by the way, here is a season ticket; I shall

be happy if you will visit my theatre; to-morrow night we shall perform the Magic Flute; it is an admirable piece, some of the music is first rate, some not so good, and I, myself, play the Papageno."

"You ought to do something in that line," said Mozart, laughing, "your singing puts one in mind of an unoiled door-hinge."

The Impressario took a pinch of snuff, and answered with an important air, "I can tell you, sir, the singing is quite a secondary thing in the opera, for I know the public; however, I have some good singers; and as for myself, even you, Mozart, will acknowledge my merit one of these days." And he went on to tell them of an ingenious and comical arrangement he had devised in the dress of the new part.

They were all much amused with it; and the Impressario continued to repeat, "I can tell you, I know the public."

Here several persons, invited guests of the composer, came in; among them Mozart's pupils, Sutzmayr and Wolf, with the Abbe Stadler and the excellent tenorist, Peyerl. After an hour or so spent in agreeable conversation, enlivened by an air from Mozart, they went to the dinner table. Schickaneder here played his part well; doing ample justice to the viands and wine. The dinner was really excellent; and the host, notwithstanding his appearance of feeble health, was in first rate spirits, abounding in gayety, which soon communicated itself to the rest of the company.

After they had dined, and the coffee had been brought in, Mozart took his new acquaintance to the window, apart from the others, and asked, "Did you come through Leipzig?"

Beethoven replied in the affirmative.

"Did you remain long there?"

"I merely passed through."

"That is a pity! I love Leipzig; I have many dear friends there; the dearest, my good old Döles, is dead some time since; yet I have others, and when you return whither you must stay longer, I will give you letters to them. But now, I beg of you, tell me how it stands with yourself, and what you have learned? If I can be of any service to you, command me."

Louis pressed the master's hand, which was cordially extended to him, and without hesitation gave his history, and informed him of his plans, concluding by asking his advice.

Mozart listened with a benevolent smile; and when he had ended, said, "Come, you must let me hear you play." With that he led him to an admirable instrument in another apartment, opened it, and invited him to select a piece of music.

"Will you give me a thema?" asked Louis.

The master looked surprised; but without reply wrote some lines on a leaf of paper and handed it to the young man. Beethoven looked over it; it was a difficult chromatic Fuguethe, the intricacy of which demanded much skill and experience. But without being discouraged, he collected all his powers and began to execute it.

Mozart did not conceal the surprise and pleasure he

felt when Louis first began to play. The youth perceived the impression he had made, and was stimulated to more spirited efforts. As he proceeded the master's pale cheeks flushed; his eyes sparkled; and stepping on tiptoe to the open door, he whispered to his guests, "Listen, I beg of you! you shall have something worth hearing."

That moment rewarded all the pains, and banished the apprehensions of the young aspirant after excellence. Louis went through his trial piece with admirable spirit, sprang up, and went to Mozart, seizing both his hand, and pressing them to his throbbing heart, he murmured, "I, also, am an artist!"

"You are, indeed!" cried Mozart, "and no common one! And what may be wanting, you will not fail to find, and make your own. The grand thing, the living spirit, you bore within you from the beginning, as all do who possess it. Come back soon to Vienna, my young friend—very soon! Father Haydn, Albrechtsberger, friend Stadler, and I will receive you with open arms; and if you need advice or assistance, we will give it you to the best of our ability."

The other guests crowded round Beethoven, and hailed him as a worthy pupil of art! even the silly Impressario looked at him with vastly increased respect, and said, "I can tell you, I know the public,—well, we will talk more of the matter this evening over a glass of wine."

"I, also, am an artist!" repeated Louis to himself, when he returned late to his lodgings. Much improved in spirits, and reinspired with confidence in himself, he returned to Bonn; and ere long put in practice his scheme of paying Vienna a second visit.

This he accomplished at the Elector's expence, being sent by him. He did not, indeed, see Mozart again, nor could he even find the grave of his deceased friend. But the spirit of the illustrious master was with him; and the world knows well, how Father Haydn honored the last request of his friend.

And thus I close this brief account of the early years of the greatest master of modern times. His boyhood was not free from care and suffering; his youth was troubled; and we who are familiar with the events of his life, know how much he endured as a man, even while his hours were passed in preparing "Joy, pure, spiritual joy" for us all. But he was a true artist; he fulfilled his noble mission; and that consciousness, and his earnest longings after the pure and the good, gave him strength to bear the woes of life, strength to pass through the dark valley of death, whither he went down "rejoicing, as a conqueror to victory."

His first disappointment is immortalized in his song of "Adelaide." In his opera "Leonore," he has loved to remember Truth, while forgetting the deserts of Faithlessness; and while his great symphonies paint the strifes of humanity, does not his "Egmont" proclaim the victory of the falling hero? But to still deeper and higher feelings has he appealed—exalted devotion, joy heavenborn; hope eternal; faith in Infinite Love. Never shall his sacred compositions cease to awaken the purest and loftiest emotions that can sway the human heart.

## MUSIC IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

IF ever an epoch, in the history of art and science, deserved especially to be characterized as one of rapid advance towards perfection, it is the present. Individuals, no less than numerous and well organized societies, project and carry into execution works of colossal size, the very idea of which would have appalled many of their predecessors. What is worthless among the works bequeathed to us by our forefathers, is laid aside and forgotten, while the valuable is rescued from the rubbish in which it lay buried, and raised higher than ever in the estimation of the intelligent. But of all arts, music is that, which since the commencement of the present century, has made the swiftest and steadiest march onwards; and this has been the case especially in Germany. If we examine the progress of the art in that country, in its different departments, we shall find it has reached a degree of perfection not easily surpassed.

Two schools of music now exist in Germany, the classical and the romantic. These, differing only in form, mutually assist each other; for by the emulation existing between them, talent is developed in all its varieties, while what is superficial and contrary to good taste is at once rejected. A depth of feeling, an ardent yet tender imagination; perseverance in working out conception into performance, with an ever watchful zeal for what is true and durable, are the principal characteristics of the Germans, and particularly of their musical works.

It may truly be said, that there exists in Germany a *mania* for musical entertainments and societies; and sacred music is now taking its place, side by side, with secular. A third kind has now, thanks to Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Haydn, taken an elevated station between these two great divisions,—the motett. The performance of the motett is one principal object of musical societies. The academy of singing at Berlin, founded by Fasch, and superintended afterwards by Zelter, has raised the motett to a degree of importance hitherto unknown; and now the public eagerly crowd wherever the Creation, the Seasons, &c. &c. are announced. It often happens that these performances are assisted by the dilettanti of all classes of society, who are united solely by their attachment to the art. In the increasing number of these societies may be enumerated those of Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Dusseldorff, &c.; all of which keep in view the same object, and have obtained an equal degree of perfection.

England, notwithstanding its anti-musical character, gave the first example of great musical festivals. In that country more than a thousand artists have been at once assembled, for the performance of the motetts of Handel. One happy result of these associations is, that the talent of individuals is developed, and genius in these moments of enthusiasm, deriving inspiration from the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient art, forms new ideas of splendor and elegance.

Germany is grateful to her great geniuses. The festivals lately given by her principal societies, the profits of which were devoted to the erection of a monument to Mozart, are a noble testimony to the veneration in which the memory of this great master is held. — [ *La France Musicale*.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.

(Concluded.)

His musical qualifications, which could scarcely have been surpassed, had they been the result of the most profound study and matured age, were not the only claims which Mendelssohn advanced to the affections of all who knew him. His unconstrained and boyish playfulness of disposition, his child-like and candid spirit, increased the interest his talents had excited. Upon one occasion, when Hummel had been displaying his extraordinary powers of extemporaneous performance, some of the party endeavored to persuade Mendelssohn to exhibit in the same way; but he burst into tears, and no inducement could prevail upon him to comply with what he felt to be an injudicious request. At this period he had already composed several fugues, pieces for the pianoforte; and shortly afterwards he wrote some little operettas, which were privately performed among his friends, and afforded great delight to all who witnessed them.

The first of his compositions which were published, consisted of two quartetts for pianoforte, violin, tenor and violoncello, which appeared in 8124. These were soon followed by a sonata with obligato violin accompaniments in F minor, and by a very distinguished work, his quartett in B flat minor. His first opera, "*Die Hochzeit des Camacho*," (The Marriage of Camacho) was performed at Berlin in the summer of 1827. Although it met with no distinguished success, owing to the total want of dramatic effect in the *libretto*, added to the untoward illness of the principal singer; yet it excited very considerably the good opinion of the public, and a full recognition of the writer's talents from the cognoscenti. This opera has since been published.

From this period, the career of the composer has been a public one. In 1829, he commenced those travels through France, Italy, England, and Scotland, which have served to spread abroad his well-merited claims to the character of a great musician: almost in all the principal cities in these several countries, especially in Paris and in London, his admirable performances on the pianoforte, and the fire and originality of his compositions, excited the astonishment of the public; and what is still more creditable to him, of that critical portion of the public who were fully capable of appreciating their merits. In the rapidity of his execution, and the incredible accuracy with which he reads off the composition he is playing, he is not surpassed by any living artist: in addition to which, he has so cultivated his memory, as to have given it a strength and power scarcely to be imagined. He not only plays publicly from memory the most difficult compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Hummel, &c., but recollects so perfectly all the great masterpieces of his art, such as the operas of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, as to be enabled to accompany them with the pianoforte entirely from memory, and indeed has not hesitated to do so publicly upon occasions when the slightest error would certainly not have escaped detection. At one time he knew, literally, the whole score of Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" by heart; and never shall we forget hearing him play—from memory—the introduction and the whole of the first scene to the second act; indicating, as he went on, the prominent effects of the different instruments. Among his more recent compositions may be named two occasional cantatas—Goethe's *Walpurgis Night*, a grand symphony: two overtures, one entitled "*The Hebrides*," or "*The Isles of Fingal*," so

named in remembrance of his residence in those islands; the other, to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, full of originality, of invention, and indication of the highest genius. And lastly his oratorio of "*St. Paul*," a work that will gain ground with the increase of musical knowledge, for its epic sublimity, and perfect consistency of construction. The strongest test of the high classical character of this work, is, that we have never yet heard a musician speak of it, but he has coupled his opinion with the observation, that "it grows upon him." One of the soundest theorists of our country expressed himself in the first instance somewhat coldly respecting this great work; he now constantly recurs to it, and after the inefficient performance at Exeter Hall, he could not sleep the whole night.

Besides these more extensive vocal and orchestral compositions, he has written a great number of songs, sonatas, quartetts for stringed instruments, pianoforte concertos, studios, and capriccios, with orchestral accompaniments, &c., so that when we consider how young he is, we think he may safely be pronounced unrivalled by any of his contemporaries in fertility of invention.

Mendelssohn's talent in Improvisation partakes of the same great character with his other extraordinary gifts from Heaven. His ideas do not flow in a thin, if uninterrupted stream; but in a torrent; and not in jets or rushings of thought, but in a sustained volume of elaborated and grandly constructed design, with amazing logical consistency,—if such a term may be applied to a theme and argument in music. We once heard him in a private party,—and what a night that was! After Malibran, at his request, had sung three or four of her own little melodies, she drew him *volens valens*, in her own irresistible way, to the instrument, exclaiming all the time, "No, no, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing!" And he soon cleared off the amount of his debt, with a cent. per cent. superadded. He took the subjects of her melodies one after the other, and as his thoughts thickened, and the capabilities of each developed in the working of them, he contrived, before he finished, to bring three of the subjects together. It was like a tornado. He appeared to require four pair of hands to answer the throng of ideas that were struggling for development. The countenances of his audience were a curiosity during this exhibition.

The education of Mr. Mendelssohn has been conducted upon the best and most enlarged principles. His father confided his classical accomplishment to a distinguished philologist, Mr. Heise, now Philological Professor at the University of Berlin; and who at that time resided with the family of the composer. A strictly metrical translation of Terence's "*Andria*," made by Mendelssohn, has been published by Mr. Heise, and is highly spoken of by competent judges. Upon one occasion in England, when a question arose as to the correctness of a Greek quotation from the New Testament, made by a young clergyman in the company, Mendelssohn, upon reference being made to the volume, was found to be correct. He went as a student to the University of Berlin, in 1826, and was there for some years.

Like many of his brother musicians, Mr. Mendelssohn is very fond of drawing; and his water-color sketches are said to be beautiful.

A late writer, Rudolph Hirsch, to whose "*Gallery of Living Musicians*" we are indebted for some of the foregoing particulars, complains bitterly that in Vienna, where he resides, "the compositions of Mendelssohn are almost entirely unknown; and, what is very remarkable, that with the exception of Herz, Hummel, and Kalkbrenner, there is scarcely a musician of the present age whose works can be said, in the proper sense of the word, to have gained admission there. The Directors of the Theatres are to be blamed for this, as far as operatic works are concerned; for it is only by some rare chance that a German opera finds its way out of their hands on to the stage. At



**public concerts scarcely anything is heard but old and well-known works, the only ones being those of Herz and Czerny. Not a single composition by Mendelssohn has ever been, to the best of my belief, publicly performed in Vienna."**

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# MISCELLANEOUS.

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## ON THOUGHTS OR IDEAS IN MUSIC.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GRETRY.

As from instinct we love and admire all that is beautiful in nature, so a feeling for, and love of the fine arts may exist without a knowledge of their principles. One day, when a party of professors and myself were discussing the question as to the ideas best adapted to express our sensations in music, an amateur interrupted us by asking what an idea in music could possibly be? As his question was abruptly put, we all looked at him for some moments without answering; he prided himself upon the idea that he had posed us, and laughing, repeated several times over, "An idea in music, how singular!" A

musical idea, said I to him, is nothing more than the sound, the inflexion of words employed to communicate an idea, whether verse or prose. If you agree, that, with respect to accent, it is indifferent, however it may be placed, I am ready to allow that music has no fixed principle. No, replied he, I will not agree to that; on the contrary, I think that improper accents, or misplaced punctuations, may spoil the most elegant prose, and disguise the finest poetry. In the same manner, said I, sounds at variance with the sentiment of the words make bad music. But, added he, there is such a thing as music without words; and when it is good and well executed, I like it much. What say you of such music? It is, said I, a discourse of sounds, a song from which the words have been withdrawn. Have you never seen a woman on the point of fainting? She has only strength sufficient left to make herself understood by the signs of those words which she is incapable of uttering. Very well. Still you comprehend her? Yes, I understand that she complains; that she says to her children, her husband, the friends who surround her, 'I feel better now, do not be frightened.' Well, in this instance, and in a thousand others, we see exemplified the principle of music without words.

The Italians, in public places, either from indolence, or from a fear of openly declaring their opinions, speak little and much at the same time; that is, by articulating some solitary words, preceded and followed by one of the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, all enforced by an expressive pantomime, they make their thoughts understood without the aid of speech. Go, for example, and tell a composer that such a man spoke very freely in the coffee-room against his work. What did he say? — *i, a, u, o*, of such an air, *e, i, a, u*, of another, he will perfectly comprehend you; this is another instance of the principle of instrumental music. Men of more northern latitudes are but little acquainted with this species of dissimulation, but it is natural to Italians. If therefore a musician is unable to discover any meaning in a sonata, rest assured the reason is that the sonata has no meaning; and if *Fontenelle* could not understand a good sonata, you may take it for granted that it was owing to his possessing more wit than imagination and feeling. A fine piece of instrumental music has always a reference to some sentiment or passion, which has its characteristic accent, its peculiar movement: one is expressed in acute sounds; another in grave; another, between the two, consists of long-drawn tones.

Again, if it be said that a sound is not an idea, yet it must be allowed that a tone is; at the very instant I utter *mi*, I argue that *mi* is the third of *ut*, *re* precedes, and *fa* succeeds it. To be a good musician, an idea both can and ought to be attached to every musical phrase of a different character: for example, such a phrase is only composed of grave sounds, sustained and lengthened without any rhythm or measure; immediately, and by analogy, I picture to myself darkness, and the horrors which it inspires. But if the sound of a reed is heard breaking this gloomy harmony, I imagine the awakening of a shepherd, I look in the sky for the morning star, and the phantoms of night are dispersed.

Cum durant noctis tenebræ,  
Cuncta videntur horrida;  
Ad nova profert gaudia,  
Si cœlo surgat lux.

I was not eight years old when I went to the wise man of our neighborhood\*, and said to him, 'Give me some words, I want to compose music,' and he gave me the above four Latin verses, first translating them to me in the *Liégeois* dialect.

With respect to moral ideas in music, they, like the accents of oratory, depend on the declamation of the words; and if the inexperienced musician declaims all in one tone, there will, as long as he lives, be a sameness in his music: this fault is much more common than is generally supposed. But to declaim is not all; the declamation must be just: I prefer the music that is vague, — that says nothing, or says everything, — to improper declamation. Let us then conclude that in music, as in nature, a sensation is not an idea; but that many sensations compared with each other constitute an idea. Again it must be recollected that the undefined effect of instrumental music acts differently upon individuals, according to their respective organization; it is like a cloud floating in the air; the warrior sees a battle; the peasant girl the flock conducted by her lover.

I have always thought that good music must produce more or less effect, in proportion as its language is more or less familiar. I have been at the side of *Voltaire*, and seen him grow irritable under the influence of the most melodious strains; I have often thought of it since, and I conclude that he experienced sensation without ideas,

\* Outre-meuse, at Liège.

because he was not sufficiently conversant with musical language, and the variety of emotions which it produces. A more simple being would have said, 'I feel enjoyment, what else do I want?' or he would have enjoyed without any reflection; but *Voltaire* became irritated with a pleasure of which he did not comprehend the cause. Yet at last he was softened, and I have seen the tears start into his eyes. Yes, music, contrary to our nature, at first irritates, but if its seductions are listened to for some considerable time, it calms, softens, and finally triumphs over every resistance. Thus *Orpheus*, in the infernal regions, soothed the anger of *Cerberus*, and softened the hearts of the divinities of Tartarus. If you find a man who does not love music, be assured that it is either because he has not yet heard any suited to his peculiar turn of mind, or that his heart is for ever closed against pure pleasure.

I must however confess, that since speech, with its inflections, is not always sufficient to explain certain ideas, still less will accent alone do so; yet still the gentle agitation caused by good instrumental music, that undefined repetition of our feelings, — that aerial flight which suspends us midway between earth and heaven, without fatiguing our organs, — that mysterious language, which captivates without persuading, which speaks to our senses without the aid of reasoning, and yet which is equivalent to reason, since it charms, gives to the unsophisticated heart the most refined pleasure. Never will a wicked man understand the language of sounds; such a faculty is the result of the most harmonious organization, and the perfection of our being. The virtuous man seems to hear a choir of angels, the echo of which is in his own heart.

Enough has already been said as to what constitutes a good musician; yet perhaps it has not been sufficiently enforced, that without genius, without original ideas, the most scientific composition is nothing else than a copy, more or less excellent. In looking at the origin of the thoughts of a phlegmatic man, it will always be found that the type is the same as in a man of impassioned soul. Second-rate talents come after him, and criticise, distort, and misplace the same ideas. Following this course, it is always seen that A. has taken from B. what B. borrowed from C., and that the latter took all from D. the original proprietor, who only copied from nature.

Again it may be said that our ideas in music arise from the choice of sounds and their measures. The time alone in sounds only gives birth to ideas emanating little or not at all from sentiment; in music, as in poetry, great poetical effects may be produced without the charm of poetry; such movements belong to harmony; melody possesses essentially the beauty of sentiment. We know that in natural, and even in moral philosophy, nothing can exist without motion; but this argument does not prove that immoderate motion produces true feeling: on the contrary, too vehement motion is a convulsion, and a moderate movement causes agreeable sensations. Nature without doubt has her convulsions, but happily they are rare, and only occur in their proper place. Let us follow her example, and not be too lavish of violent effects.

When a young man of talent exhibits originality of thought, however wild, however untutored, he ought to be encouraged, and have the path smoothed for him: he is a choice plant, and should be cultivated. Such a young man is, perhaps, at first devoid of any knowledge of harmony, yet there is within him a genuine reservoir, whence the purest beauties may flow. I would add, that the young artist born with original genius may be looked on as one of the benefactors of the human race.

Why did the ancient philosophers recommend so strongly the practice of sounds? Why consider music as the principle of all morality? Why publicly reproach *Themistocles* with not understanding music? Because they knew that, in rendering a man sensible to the harmony of sounds, it was establishing in him the principle of order, which tends to general happiness. They seized the cause, to arrive at the effects. They said, 'If we preach wisdom to you, before your mind is disposed towards it, we shall lose our time; but if by harmonious sounds we establish harmony in your mind, you will yield without opposition.' Let us then, like these philosophers, make men more or less musicians, and they will be disposed to every sort of harmony — for that of colors in a picture, or the order that pervades an architectural pile.

In short, to be alive to the beauties of harmony is to love the order which pervades the system of the Creator. When I behold a true musician, I say to myself, 'That man is a lover of peace; he is my friend.' When the philosopher tells us that he comprehends the language of birds; that he hears the music of the stars as they roll above us, it is the pure harmony of his nature that effects these prodigies.

**Let us be one with nature, and all her treasures will be our portion.  
In short I will boldly say with *Shakspeare* : —**

**The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.**

***Merchant of Venice, Act v. Scene iii.***

## ORIGINAL SKETCH OF BRAHAM.

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### ORIGINAL SKETCH OF BRAHAM.

BRAHAM is an extraordinary creature; he is now between sixty and seventy years of age, and sings with as much vigor, judgment and taste, as he ever did; there is a pathos about his singing which no vocalist in his day can approach; his style and manner, too, are essentially his own; he *reads* his songs better than any other man, and his enunciation is distinct and perfect: he has lived in the Augustan age of theatricals in England. In his day have been a Kemble, Cooke, Kean and Young, a Siddons and an O'Neal, in tragedy: and in comedy, Elliston, Palmer, (Bob) Munden, Downton, Liston, Emery, Knight, Lovegrove, Johnston, Tokely, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Orger, and others, acting together, none of whom, in their particular line, will ever be surpassed. Most of them are now dead. I recollect first hearing Braham when I was quite a boy; he was then playing at the Lyceum, in the Strand, (long since pulled down;) the Drury Lane company were acting there until the present theatre was built. Many a time and oft have I thought of the delight I experienced on first hearing him sing. He was playing Count Belino, in the Devil's Bridge. There were then acting with him poor Raymond, (the best Baron Toraldi, and that class of characters, the stage ever possessed,) Oxberry, James Wallack, Lovegrove, Pyne, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Orger and others, all first-rate in their particular department, most of whom appear now to be quite forgotten. At that time grand operas were confined to the Italian Opera, the usual operas being the *Duenna*, the *Cabinet*, *Siege of Belgrade*, *Love in a Village* *et hoc genus*. The play-goers of that day thought Braham's talents confined to operas of the description just mentioned; but it never was pretended by his greatest opponents, that any one could sing like him; they were, however, greatly mistaken as to his capabilities, for it has been acknowledged by the whole musical world, that he has never been surpassed in *Don Juan*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Masaniello*, *William Tell*, &c.; and who that has heard him at the musical fes-

tivals and oratorios in England, the selections of music sung at which are principally from the old masters, can easily forget him? His "Deeper and deeper still," from Handel, is his own; no man could sing it after him with effect. Braham's life would form an interesting volume; associating, as he has been in the habit of doing, with the higher classes of the aristocracy of England, and being almost worshipped by them, not less for the delight he has imparted at their parties and *soirées*, by the magic of his voice, than for his private worth—his unassuming, kind manners. There is scarcely a family of distinction in England who have not met Braham in the private walk of life; kings, princes, dukes and potentates, have been present at parties where he has delighted them with his enchanting powers; even the stern Duke of Wellington does not consider a banquet at Apsley House complete without this distinguished man; nor are the inmates of Windsor Castle unfamiliar with his splendid voice. Braham's greatest performance, perhaps, was at the coronation of William the Fourth and Queen Victoria. Whether it was the occasion that produced so splendid an exhibition, or whether it was from the peculiar structure of the sacred walls of Westminster Abbey I know not; but the effect of his singing can never be forgotten on those occasions, by those who heard him.

Every one who has a soul for music should hear this distinguished artist, for when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," we ne'er shall "look upon his like again." s. o.

Original.

# MOZART'S LAST VISIT TO DOLES.\*

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MUSICAL STUDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was a holiday, in the year 1789; and the venerable old cantor of Saint Thomas' church, Leipzig, after morning service was over, made ready to take a walk about the city, in company with a few of his friends.

The month was May, and the morning was lovely; the old gentleman had smoothed the immaculate ruffles of his shirt-bosom, placed his three-cornered hat on his head a little over the left ear, and taken his Spanish gold-headed walking stick in his hand, ready for his promenade—when a sudden idea darted into his head. The music he had partly composed early that morning, while engaged about the church service, and which he had thought would turn out nobly, came to him all at once; and fearful of losing it, he turned immediately back, with his customary ejaculation, "To Him alone be the glory!" and entered his own house, where were already arrived his faithful wife and his beloved daughter, Lena.

The good dame asked with some anxiety, wherefore he had returned so soon; and Lena looked as if she feared she would next have to run for the doctor. But Father Doles, (it was no less a person,) soon dissipated their fears by informing them that nothing but a new musical thought had brought him back. The women laughed at this; Lena took his hat and stick, and while her mother helped him to pull off his brown over-coat, and to put on his flowered silk dressing gown, not forgetting the little black silk cap, she arranged the writing-table, and placed on it some fresh paper for his notes. Next she brought him a bowl of soup, with a bottle of old Rhenish wine, a cask of which had been given her father by the gracious Elector, in token of approbation of his services.

When all was ready, Father Doles embraced his wife, kissed the white forehead of his daughter, and they both left him to his labors. He sat down and commenced his work, without an inward prayer for success, as was his pious custom.

He had not been writing very long, when the door was opened more hastily than usual, without much ceremony. A tall, stately man strode in, and across the room to where Doles was quietly sitting. It was Jacobus Freigang, a merchant and highly respected magistrate. He came near the table, and struck the floor hard with his cane. Doles looked up from his work, nodded with a cordial smile, and said, reaching his hand to his friend, "Salve!"

His friend did not take his offered hand, but cried rather angrily—"Tell me, I entreat you, are you going to behave like a vain fellow in your old days, and treat your friends as if they were not deserving of civility? There we all are—Weisse, Hiller, and I, and Friedrich,

and another person; there we all are, waiting and waiting for you, and running to the door to see if you were coming, and thinking how we should enjoy your surprise at sight of our newly arrived guest. At last, Breitkopf comes to ask after you, and you are not come—though you promised me in the choir you would speedily join us! The company is impatient; Hiller grows surly; I stand there like a fool; at last Friedrich says, you must have gone home—so here I come and find you sitting quietly at work! In the name of decency! what are we to make of you?"

Doles laughed heartily at his friend's comical anger, and then good-naturedly apologised for his neglect. "Do not be angry with me, old friend; I had to write down my Thema! Bethink you, I am seventy-two, and any day may be my last. I must use what time I have, and when Heaven sends me a good musical idea, make haste and write down what my old head cannot long retain. Now I have just finished my Thema, and if you wish it, I will go with you; though, after all, I am but dull company for younger ones, and they must have dined already."

"You must not dine at home to-day!" cried his visitor, "our friends are waiting—you must go to Breitkopf's this moment."

"Nay, Freigang, now I think of it, 'tis a holiday—and my wife and daughter must not sit down alone to table."

"They know you are going with me; and as for leaving them alone, I have sent Friedrich to them. He will eat enough for two! So, off with your dressing-gown, and on with your coat."

"But—"

"But me no buts! I will fetch you a valet who will make you bestir yourself!" so saying, Freigang stepped to the door, opened it, and cried—"Come in!"

A young man, small of stature, and elegantly dressed, of pale complexion, large, dark, flashing eyes, a handsome, aquiline nose, and a mouth that seemed made for music, entered quickly. The voice, which he gave cheerful greeting to Father Doles, sprang to his side, was music itself.

Doles started from his seat with an exclamation of joy: his grey eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, and as he embraced the young man, tears of delight rolled down them.

"My Wolfgang!" he cried, "my dear, good son! I am rejoiced to see you once more!"

Freigang laughed, as much as to say, "See, my point is gained now!"

Lena and her mother came in at that moment, and ran to welcome the stranger. As soon as her father had released him, the lively girl clapped her hands over his eyes, standing behind him, and cried—

"Who is this, Wolfgang—can you tell?"

"A lovely, mischievous little girl!" answered Mozart, laughing, "who calls herself Lena, and shall give me a kiss!" and turning round, he caught her in his arms, and took his revenge.

"Is your wife with you this time?" asked Madame Doles.

\* Translated from the German.

"No, I have not brought her with me," answered Mozart, while he assisted Doles to arrange his dress. "She is not fully recovered from her last winter's illness. Ah! how often she wishes for you, good mother; you would hardly believe we could feel so lonely and desolate in so large a city as Vienna!"

"Why do you not come and live here?" asked Lena impatiently, "where we all love you so much. We would never let you feel lonely or desolate. Your wife should like us all, and I would keep your boys with me. Be advised, Mozart, and come to live in Leipzig."

"You are always *couleur de rose*, Lena," said the composer, laughing; "but I should find it harder to get away than you imagine. In the first place I could not leave my Emperor, and in the next, as far as art is concerned, one can do in Vienna as he cannot well elsewhere."

"Hem," muttered Freigang, "we are not badly off as to music, here."

"By no means," said Mozart, earnestly, "and most excellent music. Your church music and your concerts are unrivalled—may I never live to see the day when they shall be talked of as a thing that is past! But you know, father," he turned to Doles, "while your artists and connoisseurs stand among the first; as regards the public and the popular taste, you cannot compete even with the Viennese, much less with mine excellent friends of Prague and Munich. I hope and trust these matters will change for the better in time; just at present, I at least find it my interest to prefer Vienna, Munich, or Prague."

"It is as you say, dear Wolfgang," replied Doles; "they call our Leipzig a little Paris; but we must plead guilty to some northern coldness and caution, and this excessive prudence it is which hinders us from following immediately in the new path you have opened for us."

"And yet I have reason to quarrel with the Viennese," interrupted Mozart. "My Giovanni can testify to that."

"Shall I come to you," said Doles, "that as much as I have heard of this opera, though it surprises, astonishes, charms me, does not, to say the truth, quite satisfy me?"

The composer smiled; his old friend began to criticize, when he interrupted him—

"Why, have you heard the opera *piecemeal* in this way? After *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* is my favorite—I might say my master-piece! But you must not hear it *piecemeal*; you cannot judge of it except as a whole."

"For my part, I am delighted with your *Figaro*," said Lena; "it is sung and played every where here; you may hear it in the streets on every barrel organ. I sing it myself on the piano;" and therewith she began carelessly to sing—

"And my glass still flattering, tells me,  
That I am not such a fright!"

"Lena! Lena!" said her mother, shaking her head. But Mozart cried—"Bravo! go on, little one!" and going to the piano, he began to play. They went through the duet, and at the end Freigang applauded heartily.

Then he took Father Doles under one arm, and the composer, still humming, under the other, and bidding the ladies a friendly "Adieu!" departed.

"What a charming man is Mozart!" exclaimed Lena, and still singing her favorite tune, accompanied her mother to the dining room, where they found Friedrich just arrived.

After a social dinner at the house of the hospitable Breitkopf, Mozart's publisher, the friends adjourned to the celebrated Rosenthal, where Goëthe, as a student, used to amuse himself. The pretty Swiss cottage was not then built; but on the place where it now stands, was pitched, in the summer months, a tent or pavilion, spacious enough to accommodate a large party of ladies and gentlemen in case of a sudden shower, or when they sought refreshment from the heat.

Madame Doles and Lena, Madame Freigang and her daughter, Cecilia, went early to Rosenthal, accompanied by Friedrich, and prepared for the arrival of the gentlemen. It was a pleasant little party; the guests were all in high spirits; even the stern Hiller, who sometimes appeared something of the cynic, was heard to burst into frequent laughter at Mozart's sallies of humor and impromptu verses. Friedrich, a lad of about eighteen, and the favorite pupil of Doles, stood near the composer, and listened smiling, though now and then he looked grave when Mozart's gayety seemed about to overstep the bounds of decorum.

In the midst of their talk Hiller became suddenly serious, then turned about quickly, as if he had a mind to go back, before they entered the tent. Freigang caught his arm, and cried—

"What is the matter with you, Hiller? Right about, you do not part from us 'till after sunset."

"Let me alone!" answered the stern old man. "I cannot bear to look at the good-for-nothing fellow!"

"At whom?" Freigang followed the direction of his friend's finger, and burst out a laughing. "Ha! Mozart!" he cried, "look yonder; there comes Hiller's favorite!"

A man was coming towards the company; he approached with very unsteady steps, but did not perceive them 'till he stood directly before them. He seemed about thirty years of age, perhaps older; was slender and well formed, but his features were sharpened and pallid, and his whole person bore the marks of excessive dissipation. His oiled cloth cap was placed sideways on his uncombed head; his coat had once been a fine one, but lacked much of the lace belonging to it, and several buttons here and there; his satin vest was frayed and torn; his rumpled collar, the cravat was entirely wanting, as well as the rest of his attire, bespoke a slovenly disregard to comfort or cleanliness.

"Bon jour, monsieur?" cried Freigang, as this disgusting object came near.

The man stood still, rolled up his meaningless eyes, contracted his brows, and at length shading off the sun with his hand, looked inquisitively at the speaker. After a few moments he recognized him, and with a low, ceremonious bow, from which he found it difficult to recover

himself—"Most worthy sir!" he said, "at your service—I am your humble—servant!"

"You seem to be in deep thought," observed Freigang, laughing.

"He is drunk, the wretched dog!" muttered Hiller, greatly disgusted.

"If I am not mistaken," stammered the man, "I have the honor—to salute—the most excellent Director of music—Monsieur Hiller—yes—I am right—it is he! I am happy—to speak with your excellency! I am highly pleased at the—unexpected—pleasure of this meeting!"

"I am *not*," retorted Hiller, angrily; "I would have walked a mile out of the way to avoid it. I do not feel honored at being in such company."

"Nay, Hiller," remonstrated Mozart.

"Let the excellent Director scold as much as he likes," said the stranger, indifferently, and speaking more fluently than at first; "what is in the heart, must come out of the lips; and after all, I must allow, Monsieur Hiller has indeed some little cause to be vexed with me! You must all know, I ran away with his foster-daughter! I am the famous violincellist, MARA, the husband of the famous singer, who ran away from me some time since with a miserable flute-player—"

"Is it possible?" cried Mozart, astonished and grieved; "can this be Mara?"

"At your service, most worthy master—eh? what is the little man called?" said he, addressing Doles.

Doles answered—"It is the chapel-master, Mozart, from Vienna."

Mara lifted up both hands in amazement. "The little," he cried, "the *great* Mozart—who has composed such splendid quartettos? who has composed Don Giovanni, and I know not what!"

"The same!" answered Weiss; and Freigang advised Mara to look at him straight, for he was worth taking some pains to see.

Mara seemed overpowered with his respect; he took off his soiled hat and making a low bow, said to Mozart, "I have the honor to be—your—servant! You see me to-day for the first time *en canaille*; I need not apologise to you, for you know how apt good resolutions are to melt away in a bowl of liquor!" The composer colored slightly. "Another time," continued the tippler, you shall see me with my best face, and hear how I can handle my instrument; 'till then, I have the honor to commend myself to your friendly remembrance!" He went on past the company, but on a second thought turned back for an instant and addressed Hiller. "Before we part, most worshipful music-director—I know you have had much uneasiness on the score of Gertrude; her running away from you was to be excused, as you were only her foster-father! but you would be quite shocked to learn in what a manner she has behaved to me, as Madame Mara, and what I have had to bear on her account! 'I wish not to insinuate that she has not her good qualities or is altogether an ill disposed person—*au contraire*! She paid my debts once in Berlin, but what did that help me? did not the great Frederick—may he rest in peace—keep me a quarter of a year

among his soldiers, and had not the brutal corporal the impudence to beat me! Sir, I assure you, such treatment soured my feelings, and to this day, when I am playing, I often think of my wife and the King, and the Corporal with his heavy cane! Excuse me then, sir, for if I do take a drop too much now and then, 'tis to drown my sorrows at Gertrude's scandalous behavior! Let us part good friends, old gentleman; mind not trifles. I shall be happy to see you at any time at my house in Windmill Street, No. 857. I am sober every day, 'till eight o'clock; come and see me, and if you like a dance I will play for you; my violincello is a capital old instrument, a venerable Cremonese, full toned and strong. Your servant, sir." Therewith the drunken musician walked on, leaving Hiller undecided whether to laugh or be angry.

The company sat down to a collation under the tent. Mozart was astonished to find Cecilia grown so much. The last time he had seen her was at Berlin, five years before. She was then a pretty child, but now a very beautiful girl. It is not for words to paint that fresh, innocent beauty, the pledge and effect of an unsullied soul.

She had grown a woman, and her manner was changed from girlish vivacity and frankness, to womanly dignity and reserve. Mozart did not, however, like her dropping the familiar "*Du*," (Thou,) and "*Wolfgang!*" in conversation with him.

"Why do you not still call me Wolfgang?" asked he. "Lena calls me so, and is she not of the same age with yourself?"

But Cecilia said "Mozart," so prettily, it sounded like music from her lips. The composer soon learned to reverence her as the gifted and cultivated woman, as well as to admire her as the lovely girl. Nor had he reason to complain of coldness or constraint when once she became interested in the conversation. The hours flew swiftly to that social party of friends, and twilight came too soon upon them.

As they went forth, Cecilia took Lena's arm and whispered—

"How charming he is, Lena! do you not love him?"

"Ah, Cecilia!" answered her friend, gravely, and shaking her head, "take care you do not love him too much—you know he is sometimes fond of playing the flirt."

Cecilia blushed, and smiled incredulously, but said nothing. The gentlemen accompanied the ladies to the house of Doles, and then went to supper at Breitkopf's.

The next day Mozart was showing his friends an autograph letter of King Frederick William II., of Prussia, and a royal present of a gold watch, set round with rich jewels. The composer, on his last visit to Berlin, had played in the King's presence, and this had been sent as a token of approbation. Lena clapped her hands with delight at seeing it, and called her mother to admire its magnificence, and Doles expressed equal wonder at its splendor, and the liberality of the King.

"Are you pleased with it, father?" cried Mozart,



"well, I will make it a present to you," and would have pressed the watch upon him, but Doles firmly refused, saying it was not treating the King with proper respect to give away his gift. Mozart was really vexed that he should decline it, and would not take back the watch without a grave reproof from Madame Doles. A year after, the same watch was stolen from him by a dissolute musician, Stadeler by name, whom he had permitted to lodge in his house several months, furnished him with supplies, and even composed for him a clarinet concert.

After this little matter was adjusted, and the usual skirmish between the composer and Lena at an end, he and Doles accompanied by Friedrich went to the rehearsal of his concert.

Many persons are living in Leipzig who are so happy as to remember having listened to that last concert of Mozart. I have seen their eyes sparkle, and their cheeks glow, in speaking of it. It recalled to their bosoms the enthusiasm of youth.

Mozart was not wholly satisfied with the musicians, and he drilled them thoroughly. Once he stamped on the floor so emphatically, that he shattered a costly shoe-buckle. The performers were vexed, and played prestissimo, he cried "Bravo!" and said to an old friend, when he saw him shaking his head—"Nay, nay, do not disturb yourself about my strange behaviour this morning. These people are old and slow; their work to-night will be a drag, unless I put some fire into them by scolding them out of patience. I think now, all will go off admirably."

And all did go off admirably that night. The boundless applause of the audience, and Mozart's cheerful commendations and thanks, put the orchestra once more in high good humor.

Cecilia, who had already much reputation as a singer, sang two airs from *Idomeneo*. Mozart was delighted with her. The true feeling of her singing showed that she was possessed of genius, that rare and precious gift of heaven; thus he whispered to her father while she was singing, and at the end conducted her from the stage himself. Cecilia thought the master's approval worth more than the noisy applause of the audience, and went home proud and happy.

Some of the wealthy connoisseurs had ordered a splendid supper to be prepared at the principal hotel, in honor of the distinguished composer. When the concert was over, they carried him off in triumph. Freigang was of the party. Doles relished not scenes of mirth, and went home with his wife and daughter, and Cecilia.

The ladies could not give up talking of the pleasures of the evening, 'till a late hour; and just as Cecilia was taking leave of her friends, a servant came from the hotel with a message to Father Doles that the chapel-master begged they would not wait up for him, as he should not return home that night. The messenger added, by way of comment—

"They are very merry yonder; I do not think for a

year past we have opened so many bottles of champagne; as for the party to-night—"

"Very well!" said Doles, interrupting him, and dismissed the servant.

"I am sorry for Mozart, indeed," whispered Cecilia, as she bade Lena good night.

"Never mind," returned that lively girl, "be quiet about it, and I will read him a lesson to-morrow, the like of which he has not heard for a long time."

The next morning Mozart made his appearance at breakfast, pale and haggard-looking; confused in his discourse and looking much ashamed. Neither Doles nor his wife made any allusion to his dissipation of the preceding night, and Lena did not venture to show her displeasure in the presence of her parents. Yet Mozart felt that things were not exactly as they should be, and all frankness and openness as he was, he could not long disguise his real feelings. He began to lament what had passed, half in jest and half in earnest; "It had been," he said, "too wild a night for him, and to say truth, he would have much preferred a quiet evening after the concert," adding, "but you know, once is not always."

"True, my dear son," replied Father Doles, with a smile, "and if you really enjoyed yourself, the gayety of last night could do you no harm. Only, I beg of you in future, to leave off in time, and carry nothing to excess! Your health is feeble, and will not bear much: take good care of it, for the powers of body and mind are but too easily exhausted. Remember poor Mara!"

Mozart looked very grave, and said, somewhat sadly, "Ah! there are the ruins of a noble creature! Let me die, rather than fall thus! No, I shall remember last night—the mischief take *such* hospitality!"

"Why, what happened?" asked Doles, anxiously.

"You know, father, the invitation was given by the friends of *art*," said Mozart, with an emphasis of some bitterness; "I accepted it as such; the concert elevated my spirits, and I went with them. All was well at first—we were a set of rational men, met together in the spirit of social enjoyment. When the toasts were going round, one of the company went out and returned with Mara, already half drunk, and set him up to make sport for the rest. The poor wretch made me a very ridiculous speech, and when he was animated by a few more glasses of champagne, they brought him a violincello, and invited him to play. I wished for some cotton in my ears, for I thought nothing else but that I was to suffer torture; but it was far otherwise; indeed I cannot describe to you my sensations, when he began to play—I never heard the like before. It was music to stir the inmost soul. I could not refrain from tears through the Adagio; and thought of the witch music Tartini heard in his dreams—so moving, so entrancing! At the wild concluding Allegro, I could have embraced the performer. I did not attempt to conceal what I felt." The composer stopped suddenly, as if even the recollection moved him.

"Well, and what then?" asked Doles, at length.

Mozart bit his lips. "Mara then played the variations in my Duet from *Don Giovanni*—*La ci darem la*

*mano!*" I assure you, even had I not heard his previous splendid performance, these variations, played in such a manner as showed the most thorough appreciation of the whole work, would have convinced me of his being a perfect master of his art, and of his instrument, and have led me to reverence him as such. But how did the friends of art take it?" here Mozart sprang up highly excited, his eyes flashing fire, though his face was paler than ever, "how did they applaud his playing? with huzzas and toasts! and when he ceased, they plied him with more and more wine, 'till he was beastly drunk and beside himself, and then they set him upon all sorts of foolery, and made him imitate on his instrument, from which he had just drawn such matchless tones, the mewing of cats, the braying of an ass, the crowing of a cock, and the like, and they laughed to see him degrade himself. Oh, shame! shamo! And they laughed the more when Mara, unable to stand any longer on his feet, fell on the floor—and then I, like the rest, drank 'till I was reeling," concluded he, with a bitter expression of self-contempt.

"Do you not think, my dear son," asked Doles, mildly, after a pause, "that the time will come when the true artist's worth will be estimated properly, and he assume the dignity he deserves?"

"It is possible," answered Mozart, gloomily, "but the artist will never live to feel it."

"You certainly do, Wolfgang?"

The composer shook his head with a melancholy smile—"You are mistaken, my dear friend, I do *not*. But I am satisfied that some few appreciate and are faithful to me, and I can depend upon them; you for example, father, and my fair friends here!"

Lena wiped her eyes, and said—"Nay, Mozart, you should not talk so, as if you had but few friends."

Here Friedrich joined them.

"Here comes another," said the master, smiling, "one who understands me also. May you ever have the consolation of real friends, my good lad, and keep your spirit free and uncontaminated! Aim at that above all things, and do not forget *me*, Friedrich, when I am—gone!"

"Never, never!" cried the youth, clasping the master's hand and pressing it to his heart. They then bade the ladies good morning, and went out for a walk.

Lena forgave her friend from her heart, and resolved to spare him the lesson she had intended to inflict on him.

"I leave it all to you. Do what I told you and be silent," said Mozart, in the street, to the lad Friedrich, giving him at the same time a well-filled purse.

Friedrich took the purse, promised secrecy, and hastened to the dwelling of the unhappy Mara. Mozart went on to pay a visit at the house of his friend, Frwigang.

"My father is asleep yet," said Cecilia, as she came into the parlor to meet him. "If you will wait a few moments, I will awaken him."

"By no means!" said Mozart, detaining her; "let your father sleep on. I will pay my visit to you, with your permission. I wish to thank you for your admira-

ble singing last evening. Indeed, Cecilia, I was delighted with the simplicity and taste of your performance. I detest the airs and graces so many young women of the present day introduce into their songs. I have been so disgusted in Vienna, that I would not hear the singer again in my pieces."

"How were you amused, last night, after the concert?" asked the young lady.

"Very badly."

"How was that?"

Here Mozart told her what he had related to Doles. Cecilia colored, and he saw tears in her eyes as he concluded.

"How cruel," she said, with noble indignation, "thus to take advantage of the weakness, say the vices of a man, in whose breast, notwithstanding all his faults, the fire of genius is still inextinguishable."

"Cruel indeed!" echoed Mozart.

"But you must not fancy all the world selfish and regardless of the artist's high claims, because some are so, who indeed are incapable of appreciating what they pretend to admire. Shun such men, dear Mozart! shun them utterly! there is no safety in their companion ship."

"You mean to warn me?" asked the composer.

"I only entreat you," said Cecilia, earnestly; "such association can never profit, but must disturb you. What need have I to say any thing? Have not you yourself learned by experience, how hard it is to help being drawn down in the vortex?"

Mozart confessed that such was the truth; but desirous of removing any unfavorable opinion of his discretion that his fair friend might have conceived from his recent net of folly, he entered into an argument to show her why she need never fear his falling into such snares.\* This led to reminiscences of his days of enthusiasm, and the raptures of his past successes.

Mozart received, as a parting present from Doles, a collection of church pieces by the elder Bach. These he prized highly, and laid them carefully in his portmanteau. The day was passed in quiet conversation with his venerable friend; in the evening a few came in to bid the master adieu, for he was going to start for Vienna with the evening post, and that went at nine.

It was half-past eight, the faces of all the company began to grow sad, but Mozart seemed gay<sup>er</sup> than ever. Indeed, those who remember this his farewell interview with his friends, say they never knew him in such high spirits. Excitement, even of a painful kind, sometimes produces such effects upon ardent natures; and besides, the composer wished to keep up the spirits of the rest.

"If we should never meet again," whispered Cecilia, sadly, and Father Doles responded to her melancholy foreboding.

"Let's have no whispering!" cried Mozart, laughing.

\* This long metaphysical conversation, and the interview with Lena that follows in the original, are not exactly translatable for the pages of this magazine. Indeed, the author often uses more freedom than is agreeable to English taste, and needs continual pruning.—Translator.

"I will not hear it. I will give you a toast—'Long life, and a happy meeting next year!'"

The glasses were filled, and rang as they brought them together. Some one observed the sound was like a knell. Mozart brought his down impatiently on the table and shivered it; he laughed again, and hoped their friendship would prove more durable than the fragile glass.

"Master Mozart!" said Hiller, "will you not write us some little piece before you go, just to bring you to our thoughts sometimes, and remind us of this hour? It is possible that we shall never *all* meet again in this world."

"Oh, willingly," answered Mozart. He paused a few moments thoughtfully, and then called to Friedrich to bring him paper and writing materials.

Friedrich obeyed with alacrity; the master wrote a piece impromptu, while the others were looking on, wondering at him, and exchanging glances.

When he had finished, he tore the paper into five pieces, and keeping one part for himself, divided the others; to Doles, *basso primo*, to Hiller, *basso secondo*, Friedrich, *tenore primo*, Weisse, *tenore secondo*.

"Now," he cried, "we have no time to lose; *allons*, begin!"

They sang the farewell song of Mozart! Never was farewell sung with deeper feeling or with better execution. When it was at an end, they all sat silent and sad. Mozart was first to recover himself; he started up, bade a hasty adieu to all present, and seizing his hat, with another broken "farewell," rushed from the room.

His friends still sat, as if stupified by their grief. Presently the post-horn sounded, and the coach rolled past the window. Their beloved companion was gone.

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In the autumn of that same year they buried the venerable Father Doles.

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It was just before the Christmas festival, in the year 1791, that Lena, now a happy wife and mother, busied at home in preparing Christmas gifts, was surprized by her friend, Cecilia, who rushed into the room pale as death, without hat or mantle.

"Cecilia!" cried Lena, much alarmed, "what ails you—what has happened?"

"Read it—read it!" faltered the breathless girl, and putting a newspaper into her friend's hand, she burst into tears, and sank on a seat.

"The Vienna Gazette," said Lena, and trembling with indefinite apprehension, she looked over a column or two, before her eyes lighted on the paragraph.

"Vienna, Decembor 6th.—Died yesterday evening, the celebrated musician and composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Chapel-Master, Knight of the Golden Spurs, etc., etc., in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

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The genius of Cecilia was not destined to ripen on earth. In another year Lena followed her bier to the grave, weeping for the blight of such fair hopes. She was buried near the resting place of Father Doles.

## THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY HENRY COOD WATSON.

FROM whence does the Musician draw his inspiration? This question is often asked, but seldom correctly answered. Music, as a science, is but little understood: The importance of its detail is not considered, because its effects are not examined, by the appreciating eye of knowledge. To common observers, music possesses no feature worthy of consideration, beyond an accidental succession of notes, which gives a pleasing sensation to the ear, without intention or design. Most persons believe that they could write music, if they only knew their notes. To "turn" a melody is the easiest thing in life, and all the adjuncts, harmony and instrumentation, are merely mechanical parts of the art, which every one might learn. This is a popular and very gross error. Music is either a simple succession of relative intervals, which form a melody, or an aggregate of consonant or dissonant sounds, which produces a harmony. These two combined, form a vehicle for the expression of the passions of the human heart, more forcible and more truthful, than the noblest works of either the painter or the poet.

It would require too much space, and would lead me too far from my original subject, to enquire into, and to trace out, the means by which simple sounds, produced by vibration, percussion or detonation, affect the mind and imagination of the hearer. It will be sufficient to say, that the individual experience of every one, will bear witness to the existence of this most powerful agency.

The music of a low sweet voice, how it penetrates and vibrates through the whole being! The music of the small birds, though limited in its scale, how it fills up the measure of the imagination, by giving a voice of harmony to the silent beauties of nature. The pealing organ with its various tones, breathes out religious strains, and moves the heart to penitence and prayer. This instrument is suited above all others, to display the imagination of a master hand, from the vast extent of its compass, and the almost endless variety of its powers by combinations. It affects the imagination more than any individual instrument, or any combination of instruments. How deep and varied the emotions of the heart of him, whose "spirit is attentive," while listening to one of the sublime masses of Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven. With what a thrilling and awful feeling, the dark, mysterious and wailing miserere falls upon the soul; and with what a happy contrast, does the beautiful and comforting benedictus, pour "oil upon the bruised spirit."

The shrill fife, the hollow drum and the clangorous trumpet, speak to other and wilder passions of our hearts. They breathe an inspiration into the

mind; they nerve the arm, make firm the tread, and give an animated existence to slumbering ambition, or wavering courage. The soft toned flute, the plaintive oboe, the mellow clarionette, with the other various harmonious instruments, under the influence of the creative mind, affect to smiles or tears, discourse of love, or breathe of hate, according to the shades of feeling portrayed by the composition.

But by what means is the imitation of these non-tangible things, transferred to a medium, which is not visible to the eye, nor distinguishable to the touch? From whence does the musician draw, to enable him to affect his hearers, by the means of sound, with the very feelings which he attempts to imitate? We will proceed to answer these inquiries.

The task of the poet is one of less difficulty, than the task of the musician, for he treats of real or imaginary subjects, with the aid of a medium that is universally understood and appreciated, according to the various degrees, and powers of the peruser's intellect. This medium is language. Words embody and define ideas; a word can express a passion, and other words can describe its rise and progress, and follow it in all its secret channels, and through all its numerous ramifications. The power of language is unbounded. Every thing that is, has a name, which name becomes associated with it in the mind, and inseparable from it, always presenting to the mental vision the object that it represents. The most subtle emotions of the human mind, feelings which lie deep in the recesses of the heart, can be torn from their lair, and displayed before the world by means of this mighty agent. Even nature with her ten thousand hoarded secrets, is overmastered, and bares her bosom to the force of thought, and stands revealed to the world, yea, even to her innermost core, by the power of language. To aid him in the task, the poet hath a million adjuncts. He moves amidst the human world, and gathers from its denizens, unending food for thought and observation. —their joys and their sorrows; their pursuits and their ends; their passions and their vices, their virtues and their charities. The life of a single being in that living mass, would form a subject of varied and startling interest, and leave but little for the imagination to fill up, or to heighten. He looks up into the heavens, and finds a space of boundless immensity, in which his restless speculation may run riot. He looks abroad upon the face of nature, and there are endless stores of bright and beautiful things, to feed his fancy, to stimulate his imagination and refresh his thoughts.

How few of these fruitful themes, are available to the musician!

The painter in all his beautiful creations, portrays his subjects by the means of the actual. From the living loveliness which he daily sees, he hoards up rich stores of beauty, for some happy thought. But to aid him in his labors, he has the actual, form and color, light and shade. The forms of beauty that glow and breathe upon the canvass; the quiet landscape, so full of harmony and peacefulness; the rolling ocean, the strife of the elements, the wild commingling of warring men, are but the transcripts of the actual things.

The sculptor as he hews from the rough block, some form of exquisite loveliness, whose charms shall throw a spell over men's souls for ages, does but compress into one fair creation, the beauties of a thousand livings models.

But the resources of the musician are in his own soul. From that alone can he forge the chain of melody, that shall bind the senses in a wordless ecstasy. Tangibilities to him are useless. Comparisons are of no avail. He individualises, but does not reflect. He feels but does not think. He deals with action and emotion, but form and substance are beyond his imitation. He is a metaphysician, but not a philosopher. But the depth of the music, will depend entirely upon the man. From a close study of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, a correct and metaphysical analysis of their characters can be obtained. In the early works of Mozart will be found a continuous chain of tender and impassioned sentiment; an overflowing of soul, an exuberance of love, and his early life will be found to be a counterpart of these emotions. In him the passions were developed at an age, when in ordinary children their germ would be scarcely observed. Loved almost to idolatry by his family, and loving them as fondly in return, his life was passed in one unceasing round of the tenderest endearments. All that was beautiful in his nature was brought into action, and gave that tone of exquisite tenderness, that pervades all his imperishable works. But as the passing years brought with them an increase of thought and reflection, a change is to be found equally in the character of the music and the man. This change can be traced in his later operas, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan Tutti*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. In these works there is the evidence of deeper and more comprehensive thought; the metaphysical identity of character is as strictly maintained, and as closely developed, as it could be portrayed by words. His *Il Don Giovanni*, stands now, and will forever stand, an unapproachable model of musical perfection.

The character of Beethoven exhibits no decided change through life, excepting, that in his later years the characteristics of his youth and manhood, increased to a degree of morbid acuteness. From his earliest childhood he was of a retiring, studious, and reflective nature. The conscious possession of great genius, made him wilful and unyielding in his opinions. Too high minded to court favours, he at various times suffered the severest privations that poverty could inflict; and, taking deeply to heart the

total want of public appreciation, he became morose, distrustful and dissatisfied. These feelings were rendered morbid in the highest degree, by the melancholy affliction that assailed him in his later years. He became nearly deaf, and was consequently deprived of the dearest enjoyment of, a musician's life. These feelings were developed, in a marked degree, in all his purely ideal compositions. Dark and mysterious strains of harmony would be succeeded by a burst of wild and melancholy fancy. Anon a tender, but broad and flowing melody, would melt the soul by its passionate pathos, but only of sufficient duration to render the cadence of heart-rending despair, which succeeds it, the more striking. Rapid and abrupt modulations, strange and startling combinations, bore evidence of his wild imagination, and the uncontrollable impulse of his feelings. The opera of *Fidelio*, the only dramatic work that he ever wrote, ranks only second to *Don Giovanni*. In *Fidelio* each person has a distinct musical character, so clearly and forcibly marked, that the aid of words is not necessary to distinguish them. It would be impossible to transpose them without losing their identity, and destroying the sense of the music. Mozart's genius was tender yet sublime: Beethoven's was melancholy, mysterious, yet gigantic. Each painted himself; each drew from his own bosom all the inspiration his works exhibited. They required no outward influence; they needed no adventitious circumstances to rouse their imagination, or to cause their thoughts to flow, for in their own souls was an ever gushing spring of divine melody, that could not be controlled. They *thought music*, and, as light flows from the sun, gladdening the creation, so their music came from them, irradiating the hearts of men, and throwing over them a delicious spell, whose charm is everlasting.

Music is so ethereal, and deals so little in realities, that its followers, partaking of its characteristics, are in most instances, impulsive, impassioned and unworldly. Careless of the excitements and mutations of the times; unambitious of place or power; indifferent to the struggles and heart-burnings of party politicians, from the utter uncongeniality of the feelings and emotions they engender, with their own, they live secluded, shut up within their own hearts, and seldom appear to the world in their true colors, from the utter impossibility of making it comprehend or sympathise with their refined and mysterious feelings. The world has no conception of the exquisite delight that music confers upon musicians. It is not mere pleasure; it is not a mere gratification that can be experienced and forgotten! Oh, no! It is a blending of the physical with the intellectual; it softens the nature; it heightens the imagination; it throws a delicious languor over the whole organization; it isolates the thoughts, concentrating them only to listen and receive; it elevates the soul to a region of its own, until it is faint with breathing the melodious atmosphere.

Music is the offspring of these feelings. The inspiration is the gift of God alone, and cannot be added to or diminished.

## ON TEACHING MUSIC.

THE nineteenth century seems peculiarly to belong to the musical art. If we consider the prodigious impulse given to music towards the close of the last century, and which has not yet ceased to operate, we are surprised at the vast number of extraordinary men who have arisen in the musical hemisphere. In following this chronological order, we are obliged to group the numerous celebrated composers, who crowd around us, and divide them as it were by masses.

The history of the arts affords no example of a developement of genius at once so powerful and rapid ; never was any half century so fruitful in taste and intelligence.

If we compare the celebrated musicians of this period with the most accomplished men in painting and literature, the parallel would be little favorable to the latter classes. Whatever merit these may possess, may it not be affirmed without injustice that no such strides have been made in the sister arts as have been accomplished for music by the genius and science of some of her later professors.

Music may be regarded as a universal language, something resembling the Latin of the middle ages, spoken by all the learned of Europe, and of which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand did not understand a word. At our concerts and other places of musical *rendezvous*, it is easy to observe how transitory is the impression made upon the audience, who for the most part do not understand the language of the orchestra. Just as the euphony of the Spanish or Italian tongue, when spoken with the Castilian or Florentine accent, gives a feeling of pleasure to those who know nothing of these languages, so it is with the greater part of musical amateurs. They confess their ignorance, but do not speak with the less enthusiasm. Ask one devoted to music, to give you the leading idea of the piece he has played, to point out its varied developement, the succession of ideas, the connection of the phrases, to translate, in fact, the musical thoughts as he would do a phrase in grammar ; and he will tell you he knows the value of the notes, minims, crotchets, &c. ; he can count the pauses ; he plays loud when he sees *forte* written, and touches lightly when he reads *piano* ; he can distinguish an adagio from an allegro, can cross his hands with dexterity, and play with spirit when he sees *con anima* ; but he will think you most absurd if you talk with him of musical syntax. And what is the reason of all this, at a time when music has made such an astonishing progress among its leading professors ? We do not hesitate to say, that it is owing to a radical defect in the instruction of children. It is to be traced partly to the ignorance of masters, and partly to the small degree of importance which parents of families attach to the study of music. Who ever thinks of asking, How can the pupil perform a piece of music he does not understand ? how can he acquire a style, when he does not know the meaning of a musical phrase ? how can he be a musician, without studying harmony and counterpoint ?

The words composition, harmony, counterpoint, are pronounced in many families with a sort of terror.

Thus it is that the majority of young people read very badly, accompany and perform very badly ; and so it will be, until musical studies shall commence with a good course of solfeggio and harmony, for this is the foundation of all ; it is the orthography and syntax of music. But one objection occurs to us, and that is the small number of teachers of composition, so that pupils must be obliged to work at treatises on harmony, where the origin and principles of the musical language are, it must be confessed, explained with little interest, clearness, or method. We acknowledge we know not how to reply to this objection. We will hope, however, that an age, which has produced so many great geniuses, will some fine day, bring to light an Aristotle of counterpoint. — *Musical World.*

## LECTURE.

### THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

*Delivered before the Teachers' Class of the Handel & Haydn Society, August 26, 1841, by T. B. HAYWARD.*

(Concluded.)

I HAVE here a most welcome duty to perform, which perhaps ought to have been cared for in an earlier part of my lecture. It is, to do justice to a most worthy and most deserving class from among our native professors and musicians; men, who, though they do not claim to be called accomplished professors, in the full meaning of the term as heretofore explained, are yet possessed of talents, taste and skill, and are most useful in particular departments of the art; and what is more, men who possess too much modesty to proclaim their merits and their good deeds, and who, consequently, are not the persons most prominently before the public. To such men the public are under eminent obligations. Go on, then, in the consciousness of your own merits, in the peaceful performance of your own labors, and reap the reward which a discerning public cannot fail ultimately to bestow.

I have touched but very hastily and imperfectly upon several of the topics here introduced; and there are many more, of which it was

my intention to treat. But I have already exceeded the time appropriated for this lecture, and, I fear, have exhausted your patience. One question presents itself of so much importance that I cannot pass it by. It is this: Shall we ever have a home-born musical profession in this country? Shall we ever see arise among us artists in music, who shall do honor to themselves and to their country, as we now have in some of the other arts? In a word, shall music rise to its true social position, as a means of human cultivation and refinement, so as to call into its service the best talents and the highest genius of our enterprising and inventive countrymen?

The decision of this question rests eminently in the hands of the people. Painting and sculpture are expensive in their individual productions, and must therefore look to the rich for patronage and encouragement. Poetry, in this proverbially intellectual and reading age, cannot fail to receive its reward. But music is most eminently social; indeed, it might be named "the social art:" and in a country like ours, therefore, where there is more true refinement and more genuine feeling to be found among the middling classes, which in fact compose the great body of the people, to them must she look for encouragement. Her appeal, therefore, is to the people; not to the rich, nor to institutions got up and endowed by the aristocracy of wealth. If such institutions arise at all, they can only flourish in proportion as they are the people's institutions, in the same manner as our common government is the people's government. To you, then, gentlemen of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, to the gentlemen of the Boston Academy of Music, to the members of other similar institutions, and most emphatically to you, gentlemen of these classes, and gentlemen of the Musical Convention, to you, as the representatives of the people, do I appeal in the name of music and in her behalf. To you are committed her most important interests; and may He, who endowed us with the internal feeling and the external sense and faculty of music, guide your counsels.

If you ask how you can best promote her interests, I answer, by bringing forward and encouraging the best talent we have among us, whether native or foreign. If our foreign professors have now the advantage in point of talents and acquirements, such a step will show our native professors both what they have to aim at, and what reward they will reap if they are successful. Any other course would only betray a narrow-minded policy, and one which, if persisted in, would but perpetuate the present imperfect state of the art. Let not any one falsely imagine that this would have a tendency to diminish the employment or emoluments of our native professors, if they possess talent. Do it, and musical institutions, societies, clubs, &c., will multiply; and in a few years you will see ten professional laborers called into the field, for every one that we can now show.

To my fellow-countrymen, professors of the art, I would say, devote yourselves to the study, the practice, and the teaching of your art. Extend your qualifications, and rise to a higher position in the art; for it will not be long before you will find full scope for all the talents and skill which you may acquire. The introduction of music into our common schools will ere long increase the amount of the higher teaching and cultivation in the art tenfold, and will also call imperatively for higher qualifications. Such has been the universal experience in other things, and such will be the case in this. Go on, therefore, with new vigor, and with brighter prospects.

In view of these prospects, and in the cheering hope of these desirable results, let us, one and all, seek the good of the art, as the means of promoting our individual, social, moral, and spiritual good; and devote ourselves to its interests in the spirit of unity, harmony, and peace.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SECTARIANISM IN MUSIC.

If Sectarism is in all other pursuits odious, in music it is ridiculous. How is it possible to laugh louder at anything than at a parcel of people quarrelling and contesting about an affair of taste, giving one another pain on account of pleasure, full of discord for the sake of harmony, hating one another for loving the same thing differently? In politics, as things are constituted, party must be endured, and can be endured for this reason, that, in any case, the pursuit is hateful and full of discord; and the accession of the *minor* hates and *particular* discords of faction, adds not so greatly to the general cacophony, as to shock our sense of consistency, or even to impress us with the sense of a very serious grievance. In religion, the presence of party spirit is an anomaly less reconcilable with one's notions of fitness and propriety, for as music is a sort of religion, so religion ought to be a sort of music,—an “*harmonia quedam*,” as the old philosophers would say,—and all jarrings and wranglings are to be resented as impertinent contradictions to its spirit. But where the object is nothing less than pleasure itself, as in the case of music, then, we say, the animosities of party are *not* simply odious, shocking, and contradictory, but *ludicrous* in the highest degree. Should we not laugh at a man who, at a feast, while he disputed the comparative merits of the dishes, should suffer them all to grow cold? or at one who, having retired to rest, should find the morning breaking in upon him, while he still was tossing from one side of the bed to the other, laboring to satisfy himself on which he should lie? Surely the most sensible man at a feast, is he who *eats*; and the wisest person in bed is he who *sleeps*; and the most genuine musician, we conceive, is he who *enjoys music*.

Conformably with this opinion, we propose to do all we can in this little magazine to advocate the principle of *enjoyment* in music, and to discourage that of disputation and party brawling, which has become a perfect curse in the art. It may seem something ridiculous, perhaps, to talk of advocating the principle of enjoyment, since most people are conceived to be sufficiently disposed to take their pleasure, and are not supposed to stand in much need of exhortation on that score.

The really ridiculous thing, however, is, that they *should* (and we affirm they *do*) require this sort of exhortation. It is an incontrovertible fact, not in music alone, but generally; that with every natural propensity to pleasure, men have, for the most part, but a poor talent and very limited capacity for enjoyment. They mistake the way to it nine times out of ten. To which negative misfortune is to be added this positive one, that they have the prettiest notion of spoiling a pleasure when they have got it. There are few people so situated as to be entirely excluded from the means of pleasure; but there are very many indeed, who, having such means within their reach, either overlook them, forget to use them, or fail to turn them to their full account.

The will to enjoy is not wanting; of that we may be sure, except, indeed, that some, deriving a morbid satisfaction from grumbling, go the length of cherishing their most specious misfortunes by way of being in funds for complaint:—usually, however, the will to enjoy is not wanting; what is wanting is the spirit and habits of mind which are essential to real pleasure.

There is necessary to all pleasure a contentment with the limits of the object, an unqualified restriction of desire to that object, an indifference to anything beyond. It is fatal to our pleasure, if we suffer

our minds to dwell on higher and greater objects, to roam in quest of supposed superiorities. We are to remember that there is nothing so good but there exists something better; and if we do not cultivate a certain contentment, even while seeking after excellence, we shall find that we lose not only the present pleasure, but even the spirit and habit of enjoyment to which that faculty of contentment is essential.

This, therefore, is the point so difficult to hit—to be critical and discerning, and yet to preserve the *habit* of enjoyment. It is for want of this temper that we see so many musicians self-defrauded of half the pleasure proper to their pursuit; and it is owing, in a great measure, to the same moral cause, that musical society is split up into so many sects and parties opposed to one another on points of taste. Give us the man, who, while continually acquiring new tastes and perceptions, keeps all his old ones fresh and sound; who can admire the songs he heard in his childhood, or the old sonatas current then, none the less for having become aware of the existence of greater compositions. New pleasures can hardly be said to be *gained* when old ones are thrust out to make room for them. This is an *exchange*, not an acquisition. But a certain shallow vanity usually steps in here, and forbids the better economy of our musical pleasures. In order to understand this, we must extend a little the circle of our observations.

Amongst those who enlist themselves votaries of music (and our remarks might be extended in their application to other arts) three sorts may be enumerated. 1. Those who entirely love the thing,—who pursue it for its own sweet sake alone. 2. Those who have certain laudable perceptions in music, and a limited love of it, but who are divided between that and some extraneous influences, such as fashion, self-conceit, a desire to shine, &c. 3. Those who move solely in obedience to these latter, or extraneous influences, and who in selecting music as a stalking horse for worldly objects, are not even led by any preference for that art over another, but by some mere accident of position;—it might as soon have been duck-hunting. In Yorkshire, such people are runners for horses; in the Isle of Wight they get them green suits and shoot at targets; in London—if the cock-pit should not chance to fall under their notice before the ancient concerts, perhaps *music* may become their “passion.”

Of the first and third of these classes we have less occasion to speak. The first describes the few “fortunati” who *do* know “*sua bona*,”—who love the art of music too well to drag it through the mire of worldly uses, and whom their own genius sufficiently instructs in that rarer art than music—the art of musical enjoyment. We leave such men to the dominion of their own sweet natures. We have known them—do know them, and have ever found them amongst the worthiest of mankind: for, as in all other walks of life, we find the desire to be pleased always associated with the desire to please, of which it is the natural and inseparable countersign; and no men are such bestowers of delight as those who most readily receive it; like those chemical substances which are called “conductors;” so in music, the same effect is, we think, obvious in a remarkable degree; whoever has originally any portion of the spirit of love in him, finds it wonderfully confirmed and magnified by the power of music, which raises it from the character of an irregular impulse to that of a passion, and a principle of existence. Nor can it be said of music, that, in augmenting passion it weakens morality; for (to say nothing of the false doctrine of the purists on this head) let us remind the reader that Music refines whatever she touches; that, whether rousing or allaying the affections, she never ceases sweetening and improving them, and that there is not amongst the gifts of nature a greater purifier of the passions.

This first order of musical minds we admit to be very limited, but maintain to be increasing; our third class, on the contrary, is one, at present, of great extent, but unquestionably on the decline, and continually threatened with diminution from the progress of taste and knowledge. But we are, on all accounts, inclined to regard the second of our three divisions as the most considerable; for, certainly, those who profess a love of music, however impure and equivocal it may be, are most frequently drawn to the pursuit by some real preference; and a taste for music is not so difficult or incommunicable, but that the most insensible pretender is likely in time to contract some real feeling, to find his raptures gradually authenticated, and so to become musical in spite of himself; so that this, too, may be added to the praises of music—that it supplants deception, and forces truth and feeling on those who may have had neither before.

Now this is the order of musicians whose proceedings chiefly tend to cut up musical society into sects and parties; and that “shallow vanity” we have mentioned above, and which is only compatible with



this sort of adventitious, and necessarily very limited love of music, operates to produce sectarianism in music in the following manner.

As the mind of the musician acquires new experiences and subtler perceptions in his art, it becomes vain of its accessions, and so anxious to make the most of them, that it keeps disparaging all its previous partialities, by way of exalting the merit of the new ones. The last taste it has acquired puts all the others to shame ; it is not merely the best, it is the *only* taste. Musicians of this class, when they have attained, as they imagine, the full extent of a musical education, show their regard for the music of their choice by decrying all other kinds. They cannot admire the peak of the mountain without scoffing at all the modest lowlands and lovely glens by which it was approached. They are not content with ceasing to regard a former style, or a former author with delight ; but they must resent the previous delight, and must endeavor to spoil it for all who come after them. A fig for their love ! — a fig for all love that *needs a hatred*. They love themselves, not music, who are for oppressing it with laws and restrictions, — the offspring and reflection of their own conceit, — and for damming up all the streams of musical delight but the particular one on which they have come to build.

There is no surer sign of a genuine musical nation than *universality*. We do not mean the absence of particular predilections — certainly not ; but the disposition to recognize merit, and enjoy its productions in any and every form in which it is shown. What a stupid bee would it seem, that rested only in the tulip's cup, and saw no honey in all the garden besides !

So much, at present, for this sort of sectarianism in music. There is another sort of sectarianism, however, at which there is no laughing. To that we must take another opportunity of drawing attention. — [*Musical World*.]